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IMPRESSIONS OF CATHOLIC AMERICA

I

IT was a surprise, when the American forces began to pour through England on their way to the Front, to find that nearly half their army, and more than half their navy, were Catholics; and that a purely Catholic organization, the Knights of Columbus, was able to claim an equal share with the Y.M.C.A. in providing for the troops those social services which were, in our own case, monopolized almost exclusively by "unsectarian" agencies. No doubt the abnormal proportion in the earliest contingents could be explained by the fact that they were the voluntarily enlisted and the drafted from the great cities; but that explanation itself added to our wonder that they should be so strong in the main centres of wealth and culture. We had been so long accustomed to think and speak of the United States as a Protestant Power, that we found it hard to realize that it is already very largely a Catholic Power, and—to judge by the birthrate—sure to become more and more Catholic in the near future.

The Episcopal Golden Jubilee of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, which fell in the month of August, and was due to be celebrated last October, afforded a unique opportunity to the *Entente* nations to repair a neglected, but by no means negligible, item in their salutations to America. They had, indeed, cultivated the goodwill of American politicians and business men,

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and the American Press ; but many of their agents had not only overlooked the American Church, but had gone out of their way to affront some of the tenderest sentiments of American Catholics. The Government of France, therefore, sent out a formal mission, consisting of five distinguished clerics and two military officers, under the leadership of the Bishop of Arras, to offer to his Eminence the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, a decoration never before conferred on an ecclesiastic. The Belgian Government, in like manner, deputed Mgr. Carton de Wiart to be the official bearer of their homage and grateful recognition of America's lavish generosity in their distress. Our own Government, while precluded by some sort of scruple from official action, did not impede the appointment of a delegation by the Hierarchy of England and Wales.

The original intention was to send a Bishop and a representative layman, with their necessary attendants ; but at the last moment the layman selected* was obliged to withdraw, and none could be found to replace him at such short notice. The party, therefore, was ultimately reduced to three : the Bishop of Northampton, with Mgr. Barnes as co-delegate, and the Rev. Charles L. H. Duchemin as Chaplain. It was a happy accident, perhaps, that the occupant of the See of Northampton should have received this particular commission, for Northampton is the town in which the fortunes of the Washington family were laid. Even in the States it was not commonly known that a Laurence Washington was twice Mayor of Northampton during the momentous period when Henry VIII was suppressing the monasteries, and that Sulgrave Manor was his share of the spoil. The fate of sacrilege, in this instance, was even speedier than usual, for, within sixty years, the family was compelled to part with Sulgrave Manor, and to return to modest conditions at the village of Brington, a few miles out of

*Sir Mark Sykes, alas ! R.I.P.

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Northampton, in the neighbourhood of their kinsfolk, the Spencers. There, in the village church, on the gravestone of another member of the stock, may be seen the Washington arms,—*Argent two bars gules in chief, three mullets of the second*, that is, a white shield crossed horizontally by two red bands, with three five-pointed stars above them—in fact, the Stars and Stripes in embryo.

The outward journey was made, of course, under war conditions. The name of our ship, the date and port of sailing, and the port of arrival, were kept secret to the last possible moment; and, even when we had embarked at Liverpool, we were kept a long twenty-four hours under full steam awaiting the word to go. At length, at about four on Sunday afternoon, September 29th, we were paraded in life-belts on the promenade deck and were directed to the particular lifeboat, on the port or starboard side according to circumstances, for which we were to make "if anything happened." To the meticulous enquiries of one of our party as to what signal, if any, would be given, the officer somewhat tartly replied that signals would be superfluous "if anything happened!" Then we took up our allotted position in a convoy of some twenty vessels, camouflaged in the giddiest fashion, and crept out to sea with the tide. Nothing happened to happen; and, after a rough but uneventful voyage, we sighted the sky-scrapers of New York on Wednesday, October 9th.

It was on the following Saturday, however, Columbus Day itself, that we discovered the real America which we had braved the U-boats to seek—America at the very top of her war effort. The national holiday had been chosen for the organization of a monster military pageant in New York as a stimulus to the Liberty Loan, already running into billions, which had been floated for the purposes of what was still expected to be a long war. From the west of the elevated platform on which stands St. Patrick's Cathedral we commanded an unbroken prospect in both directions of Fifth Avenue, the main route of the

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parade, lavishly hung with the flags of all the Allied nations ; and from the same spot we were able to watch for hours the ceaseless files of home and foreign troops, with their bands, their trophies of war, and all their auxiliary services ; while the aircraft hovered overhead in ever-changing yet perfect formation. The enthusiasm of the crowds that lined the broad footpaths was unmistakable. Hour after hour they cheered the various units of the endless procession, naming each flag as it came in sight, and joining in the marching songs of their own beloved boys. With a thrill, we recognized President Wilson himself, with no apparent bodyguard, marching on foot, ahead of the American contingents. It was "democratic" ; it was fine ; but it looked foolhardy and like a challenge to fortune. It would be so easy for a fanatic or a lunatic to "stagger the universe" by one bold stroke. Sure enough, under our very eyes an incident did happen, suppressed as far as possible by the Censorship. A man dashed out of the crowd, making straight for the President. His object could only be surmised ; but whatever it was, before he could execute it, secret-service men, sprung from nowhere, seized him and haled him off to prison, a mass of blood and bruises. Mr. Wilson came on smiling without the slightest hesitation ; but that very night, in the Metropolitan Opera House, he received Dr. Solf's first overtures for the cessation of hostilities.

Nothing could have been devised more calculated than this Columbus Day parade to impress upon a stranger America's unanimity and her determination to win the war. Yet no sooner had the Liberty Loan been subscribed "according to skedule," as they say, than the War Charity Drive was inaugurated as a still more convincing proof of the popular spirit. There was here no question of a profitable investment as in the case of the Liberty Loan. It was a demand on the sheer generosity of the American public, without distinction of race, class, or creed ; and the promoters, namely, the Catholic War Council, the Y.M.C.A., and

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the charitable organizations of five other religious bodies, did not hesitate to make a joint appeal for the enormous sum of one hundred and seventy million dollars. We were present at the great meeting of 15,000 people of all denominations in Madison Square Garden when the project was launched. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., presided. The speakers were high State officials and representative clergy and laity of the Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic bodies. Caruso sang "The Star-spangled Banner." The speeches were interspersed with prayers, patriotic songs, and hymns sung in full-throated chorus by the audience. While Governor Hughes was actually speaking, the great crowd descried the red-robed figure of Cardinal Gibbons, and rising *en masse*, offered him an ovation such as no other prelate in Christendom could expect. Within three weeks of that day, though the Armistice had been signed, and the need of such a mighty effort might have seemed to have passed, the War Charity Fund was not only subscribed, but oversubscribed, touching the incredible total of two hundred million dollars.

But our discovery of America's amazing war-spirit was met by a sadder discovery, and one more disconcerting to our plans. Immediately on landing, we learned that the whole Continent, from end to end, was being ravaged by influenza in its most virulent form, and that all the Jubilee festivities had had to be cancelled. Severe as the epidemic had been in England, the mortality was not comparable to what we came across in the United States. At the beginning of October, the American army in training had already lost more by this alarming plague than the army in France had lost in fighting. Medical men and nurses were wholly inadequate to cope with the demands upon them. The sick were often left unattended and the dead unburied. In many cities, including Baltimore, public gatherings of all descriptions were prohibited, and all public buildings kept rigorously closed. For several weeks, the Churches were forbidden to open their doors even on Sundays; and all civil and

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religious life was brought to a standstill. But the nation's need proved to be the Church's opportunity. Everywhere the Catholic body "made good," but especially at Philadelphia. Archbishop Dougherty told us how the Mayor of that city had craved his assistance when one hundred thousand cases had been reported, twenty thousand of which had proved fatal. Within twenty-four hours, two thousand Sisters had left their convents for the hospitals and the stricken homes, and two hundred and fifty Seminarists were busy about the gruesome task of burying the uncoffined dead. The secular press gave due prominence to the official and unofficial appreciations of these and similar examples of Catholic charity.

Under such circumstances, it was well that we had not to work to a prearranged programme. Indeed, outside our visit to Baltimore for the projected Jubilee celebrations on October 20th, we had been left to our own devices, with a roving commission to get into touch with as many prelates and influential people as was possible in the time at our disposal. Had we relied on fixtures, our tour might have been a *fiasco*. As it was, we were passed on from host to host, and from city to city, as happened to be convenient; spending laborious but engrossing days in making contact with every variety of Catholic life, and rattling off impromptu speeches, four or five a day, to all sorts and conditions of audiences, from armies of school-children to select gatherings of millionaires.

II

Baltimore is the Mecca of American Catholicism, and Cardinal Gibbons is its Prophet. Incidentally, we gained more than we lost by the cancellation of the great functions, for we were brought into closer contact, and gained more intimate personal acquaintance with his Eminence, than would have been possible otherwise. At eighty-four years of age, he can be described accurately in Mr. Lloyd George's humorous paradox, as America's

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"grand young man." There is nothing of the octogenarian about him either in body or mind. He needs no arm to lean on, physically or metaphorically. He can, and does, take his daily "constitutional" in all weathers. He can listen to a succession of long addresses, in two or three languages, without a suspicion of drowsiness, and can reply to them all in an animated extempore speech without missing a point or omitting any of the minutiae of etiquette. He keeps himself *au courant*, not only with the public movements of his own country, but with those also of European nations, so far as they have an ecclesiastical interest. He cherishes a deep love for Ireland, the cradle of his race ; he remembers with gratitude America's debt to France for her help in the War of Independence ; he has given his heart to Rome, his spiritual parent. Towards England, he appears to entertain the same sentiments that the scion of a great stock sometimes feels towards the head of the family. He is not blind to our unamiable features. He strongly disapproves of much in our conduct. Still, "blood is thicker than water," and he cannot believe so profoundly as he does in "God's Own Country" without a strong interest in the land and people from which America derives her language, her literature, and her traditions of civil and religious freedom. As his books show, he is conversant with our best writers, especially our Catholic writers ; and he loves to speak of his personal relations with Manning, Newman, Vaughan, and other prelates and laymen, living and dead, whose friendship he has valued and cultivated. Thus, he was but voicing one of his most cherished convictions when, in answer to our address, he alluded in glowing accents to the vocation of the English-speaking races in the counsels of Divine Providence : "While England and America are extending their territories, we will endeavour to extend the Kingdom of Christ. While they are building forts, we will erect houses of prayer. Where the Union Jack and the Star-Spangled Banner are emblems of safety and civilization, we shall raise the emblem of Salvation, the Cross of Christ."

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Eighty-four years, more than half of them spent in the highest ecclesiastical office, cover a momentous period in the modern history of the United States. Reputations have been won and lost by many of his contemporaries in all walks of life ; and if he has come to be regarded generally as the best of citizens and the most potent spiritual influence in this country, it is not because his path has always been easy. "I have lived a long time," he writes in the Introduction to his *Retrospect of Fifty Years*, "and I have lived through a very critical time. Not only have I held office many years, but I have held office during a time of transition, when the old order was changed." He was the youngest Bishop in the Vatican Council, which marked the end of the old-time Papal Monarchy ; and he has survived to see the Papacy emerging from the wreck of European politics, the sole international Power, in our judgment, which can make viable the concept of a League of Nations. In the interval, the United States itself has had to solve many of the problems which now confront the Peace Congress. For instance, after the terrible national crisis of the Civil War came the deluge of immigration which threatened to submerge the country's language, institutions, and traditions, in a flood of foreign and often mutually hostile races. No hand has wrought with greater efficacy to mould these discordant elements into one people than the hand of Cardinal Gibbons ; and he leaves us in no doubt where he found the secret of success. "The same power which welded the Latin, Gaul, Frank, Briton and Norman into the Nation of France ; which welded the Briton, Saxon, Dane and Norman into the Nation of England, has been present among us and has again exercised its benign influence in welding divers races into one people. That power is the Catholic Church."

Again, the Labour problem had reached the acute stage there in the '70s and '80s, when the Anarchists of Chicago anticipated the worst features of Bolshevism. So great was the alarm that even good men saw nothing

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but evil in the Labour movement. The Hierarchy of Canada obtained from the Holy See the condemnation of the Knights of Labour in the Dominion ; and a similar condemnation was talked of in the United States. The panic called forth an intervention from Cardinal Gibbons which was as admirable from a literary standpoint as it was replete with spiritual sagacity : " If many Bishops were alarmed at what they considered the revolutionary tendencies of these associations, many others, including Cardinal Manning and myself, were equally alarmed at the prospect of the Church being presented before our age as the friend of the powerful rich and the enemy of the helpless poor ; for not only would such an alliance or even apparent alliance, have done the Church untold harm, but it would have been the bouleversement of our whole history."

Accordingly, when he set sail for Europe in 1887 to receive the Cardinal's Hat, he carried in his pocket the plea for organized labour which was to be the inspiration, a few years later, of Leo XIII's Encyclical on the Condition of the Working Class.

Such were the topics of conversation during the pleasant days we spent at the Cathedral House in Baltimore, where the Cardinal lives on happy and familiar terms with his Clergy. He has retained all the habits of his small beginnings, as when his first diocese consisted of two priests and seven hundred people ! His surroundings are more unpretentious than those of any other prelate we visited. He says his daily Mass in the Cathedral, and preaches every Sunday like any other pastor. He is the most accessible of men, with nothing about him to suggest the leading part he has taken in the history of his times. Yet President Wilson, who honoured us with an interview at the White House in the most critical hours of his negotiations with Dr. Solf, did but repeat the verdict of his predecessors and of the American people when he described his Eminence as his country's foremost citizen.

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III

The Power behind the Cardinal, which adds weight and momentum to his personal influence, is the Church of the United States. To say that American Catholics are a huge body—half as many as the total population of England and Wales—is but a superficial statement. It is its unity, its religious and intellectual prestige, its command of wealth, its standing in the political and social life of the nation, its worthy self-confidence and its determination to employ all its resources to the best advantage, that makes the American Church what it is. Its light is not hidden under a bushel. In all the chief cities, the largest, the most splendid, and the most numerous churches are Catholic churches. The finest town-sites are crowned with Catholic institutions: convents, schools, orphanages, hospitals, asylums for the aged poor. In the suburbs, ecclesiastical trustees are often the largest landowners, holding hundreds of acres for charitable purposes. Nothing is left unattempted for lack of enterprise; nothing is skimped for lack of means. Respected, but not patronized by the State, by her own progressive spirit and the loyalty and boundless generosity of her children, the American Church has made herself the envy of her rivals, and the joy and pride of Catholics throughout the world. It was his Eminence himself who so arranged our tour that we could verify for ourselves the details of this glowing picture. We began with Washington D.C., as was fitting; for Washington is not only the national Capital, it is the home of the Catholic University of America, the Cardinal's most ambitious and most anxious undertaking.

Education is one of the "burning" questions there as here. As things stand, no State-grant is given to Catholic schools, and no State control is exercised over them. Unfortunately, two-thirds of the Catholic children are compelled to use the creedless schools provided by the public authorities, and depend for their religious instruction on merely a well-organized Sunday School system. But, wherever possible, Catholic schools,

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under Religious teachers, male or female, are generously supported, and upwards of a million-and-a-half pupils receive therein a sound secular and moral education. From the *Official Catholic Directory* we learn that, besides 106 seminaries for clerical candidates, the Church of the United States possesses 217 colleges for boys, 677 academies for girls, and 5,748 parochial schools for elementary instruction. Quite a number of the colleges are very large establishments indeed, covering extensive areas with many distinct departments, and educating from 1,000 to 2,000 students. As in many similar State institutions, most of the scholars are day-boarders ; but provision is also made for those from a distance in hostels, or "dormitories," as they are called. These greater colleges have courses in Arts, Medicine, Law, Engineering ; and being legally chartered to confer degrees, often assume the title of Universities. During the war, the United States Government has adopted a policy worthy of imitation. Every educational establishment for the higher education of boys has been "militarized," i.e., has been converted into an O.T.C. with the least possible disturbance of normal school life. A military Commandant is installed ; and, in addition to their drills, the boys are required to do the usual fatigues. But they are still under the eyes of their ordinary superiors and under the restraining influences of their ordinary surroundings. The moral effect has been excellent. Under such conditions, we visited the Jesuit University at Georgetown, the original foundation of Bishop Carroll, himself a Jesuit, and Fordham University, at New York, another of several under the Fathers of the Society. At Notre Dame, Indiana, we spent a night and most of the following day with the Fathers of the Holy Cross. Their establishment, covering many broad acres of what was once Indian country, is rather a colony than a college, comprising, not only a University with 1,300 students, but the General and Provincial Houses of the Congregation, their Novitiate, their Theologate, and their Mission House ; while, within

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walking distance, and adjoining their property, is the Mother House of the Sisters of the same Congregation, and their Boarding School of nearly three hundred delightful children. The original Log Chapel used in missionary days stands on the shore of St. Mary's lake.

But Washington University is, as it was designed to be, *the* Catholic University of America. Everything here is planned on a scale of magnificence, prognostic of a long and glorious future. The University buildings proper—eight blocks of architectural splendour excellently equipped in every detail—are grouped on a square mile of level ground, surrounded by gentle wooded slopes on which, like gems in a diadem, are set the Scholasticates of various Religious Orders, each vying with each in size and beauty. The higher education of women, both nuns and seculars, has not been omitted from the general scheme. Trinity College, under the Sisters of Notre Dame, is a noble pile, standing in its own extensive grounds, and possessing, in addition to the usual complement of lecture-halls and laboratories, a whole wing fitted up as an Art Gallery and Museum: there, "sweet girl graduates" to the number of 280 are following the University courses. The Sisters' Settlement is a veritable village, where professed nuns can study for degrees without imperilling their distinctive Religious spirit. The central administrative block, comprising a church for the greater functions, lecture-rooms, library, and dining-hall, is managed by a non-teaching Community; while the various institutes possess each its own "dormitory," where its subjects can live together and follow out their own Rule. During the Long Vacation, a series of Summer Schools for the benefit of nuns engaged throughout the year in actual teaching have been successfully organized.

The four or five days we spent here as Bishop Shahan's guests enabled us to appreciate the magnitude of the work, as well as the indispensable function it fulfils in the organism of Catholic America. After many vicissi-

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tudes, the University can now be said to be safely established. The enormous outlay by so many different ecclesiastical bodies already incurred, and the constant stream of substantial gifts and legacies, put its future beyond reasonable doubt. Here, then, we have concentrated the intellectual resources of the whole country : a body of men and women devoted entirely to sacred and profane learning. Free from sordid cares, protected by their holy vocation from the infection of the knowledge "that puffeth up," and happy in their daily association with a multitude of kindred spirits, they are what the Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge were, *socii in Religione et bonis Artibus*. It is a fine achievement. Nor were we left without clear evidence of their place in the public estimation of their countrymen ; for it was here we met, at a luncheon given in our honour, as distinguished a company as one could wish for : Mgr. Bonzano, the Papal Delegate ; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of U.S., the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and the Commissioner of Education ; the French ambassador, the Belgian minister, and the chief personnel of our own Embassy, besides the leading Catholic clergy and laity. It was the Rector of the University, Bishop Shahan, who obtained our audience with the President, as well as the numerous invitations which brought us in contact with the leading people in Washington.

IV

From this, the intellectual centre, we passed on to the great Archbishoprics, the strongholds of Catholic population, wealth, and political influence. Boston, the See of Cardinal O'Connell, is usually associated with Puritanism and Harvard. It was, therefore, strange to be greeted there, at the Somerset Hotel, by the Mayor and leading citizens, and to discover that Catholicism is the dominant religion. His Eminence, whose strong racial sympathies are notorious, seized the occasion to hold out the olive-branch to our country. By a curious

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coincidence, while we had been saying much the same in much milder language, at Washington, the Bishop of Oxford had been assuring the Bostonians that "Englishmen had come to see that hitherto the government of Ireland by England had not been government but misgovernment"; that "the Protestants of Ulster had been put there to block things in Ireland, and had been blocking them ever since"; and that "now the real English wanted the real Irish to get the government they wished for themselves." The Cardinal said :

We accept both these statements, made on solemn public occasions, in perfect deliberation, by eminently representative Englishmen, occupying, at least for the moment, some official position, as being the true sentiment and the real voice of the real people of England ; and, in that case and under those circumstances, we look forward to the day when, all past misunderstandings behind us, like good Christians and good Americans, we shall love the English people as only Celtic hearts can love those who, recognizing the injustices of a cruel past, wipe out all its stains by one superb act of splendid, generous, and just recognition of the right.

These sentiments, thus publicly expressed, were endorsed both in word and in manner when his Eminence allowed us to spend a memorable evening with him in the privacy of his own residence. His friendship is no light matter for our land. In the prime of life, the pastor of nearly a million souls, and clothed with the Roman purple at a comparatively early age, he is the natural heir to Cardinal Gibbons's singular position of authority. For certain, the duration of any "League" between his nation and ours will depend largely upon the continuance of his confidence and goodwill.

The long journey from Boston to Chicago allowed us an alternative route through Canada, which we were glad to take, having accepted a pressing invitation to address the Canada Club at Toronto. As it happened, the signing of the Armistice coincided with the date selected and put an end to our engagement ; but we were not sorry to break our journey at Montreal, Ottawa,

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and Toronto, and to meet the Archbishops and many prominent clergy and laity in those cities. At Ottawa, we were welcomed, almost officially, by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the Deputy Governor-General, and assisted at the formal reception of the new Apostolic Delegate in the Cathedral. On British soil there could be no question about the feeling towards our country ; though we were not spared some very plain comments on the bungling of the Home Government which had led to "regrettable incidents" in the Dominion.

At Chicago, money "talks"; and Catholic money "talks" as loud as any! On arrival, we were installed at the University Club like millionaires, with a private Oratory, a private *salon*, and a suite of rooms for each member of our party; and were clearly given to understand that we were expected to live up to the standard set for us. A small bodyguard of Monsignori gave us their whole unselfish attention, and kept our programme almost embarrassingly full. We had to deliver formal addresses to the Irish Association at the Sherman Hotel, to the quaint but highly distinguished Society of Medievalists in a very beautiful dining-hall at the University Club, and to the Illinois State War Commission, a governmental body, at the Blackstone. On the Sunday, we accompanied the Archbishop to Wilmette, to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of Mgr. Francis Kelley, the founder and Director of the Church Extension Society of the United States. There we heard an eloquent sermon by Bishop Schrembs of Toledo, a member of the Catholic War Council, albeit of German origin; there also, we met two Mexican Archbishops, confessors for the Faith under the execrable tyranny of Carranzas; a Chinese Bishop; and a multitude of prominent clergy and laity. The same evening, at Mrs. Hines's reception, we were introduced to the leading Catholics and Protestants of Chicago. Thus we had every opportunity of gauging our strength in that typically American locality.

Archbishop Mundelein is still almost a young man, having been ordained as recently as 1895; and has

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probably many years of activity before him. As his name indicates, he is of German descent, though he boasts of several generations of New Yorkers in his ancestry. His enormous Diocese, too, counting a million-and-a-half souls, contains a very large and very mixed foreign element.* It was, therefore, particularly gratifying to hear him express his pride and satisfaction that his people had answered the call to national service without a murmur, and to receive from him a welcome that was as manifestly cordial as it was lavishly hospitable. When he entertained us at his beautiful residence, abundance of English roses in every room not only revealed his cultivated taste, but delicately suggested his sympathy with fellow Catholics. With vast resources at his disposal, he combines capable administration with almost regal munificence. The Lesser Seminary which he is building in his Cathedral city is a fine example of **Thirteenth Century Gothic**, and is splendid in all its appointments. The Chapel is a replica of the Ste. Chapelle at Paris, even the incomparable windows being reproduced, at least in style and general effect. Chicago, of course, has its Catholic University with nearly two thousand students attending the numerous courses; its Sociological School, under Fr. Siedenburger, S.J., being specially well-organized. Diocesan institutions, also, of all kinds, educational and charitable, abound. But the Training Schools at St. Mary Des Plaines for 650 boys and 375 girls are his Grace's personal predilection. Although these children have been rescued from bad surroundings—rather, *because* they have been so rescued—they are dearer to him than all. He has concentrated all his fine building proclivities on providing for them “homes” resembling expensive boarding-schools rather than “institutions.” The Archbishop himself is very much “at home” there.

St. Louis, on the Mississippi, was our Westernmost destination. The See has grown up with the city,

* In Chicago city there are 33 German churches, 21 Polish, 9 Bohemian, 8 Italian, 7 Lithuanian, 6 Slovak, 5 Croatian, 3 French, 2 Syrian, 2 Ruthenian.—*Catholic Encyclopædia*.

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under many political and ecclesiastical revolutions, from direst poverty to wealth and importance. The actual Catholic population is about half a million. Here again we saw ample justification for Cardinal Gibbons's claim that the Church has been the most potent factor in creating the American People. The Archbishop, Mgr. Glennon, is a Leinster man, who went to the United States for Ordination in 1884. His priests and people are drawn from half the nationalities of Europe, Germans forming one of the largest and most efficient fractions. Yet in spite of Bernstorff's subtle and persistent propaganda, and in spite of the repeated blunders of the *Entente* agents, when President Wilson went into the war he had no more ardent supporters than the citizens of St. Louis.

We had undertaken to address the Catholic Women's League, a familiar and attractive name ; but found, on arrival, that they had no connection but the name with our own C.W.L. They came into being for the express purpose of supplying comforts to the American troops, but are likely to perpetuate their organization for other good objects now the war is over. They showed themselves very appreciative of Great Britain's achievements, and very friendly towards us. At the end of the meeting they insisted on presenting themselves individually, each lady announcing her own name ; a sensible custom, worthy of imitation.

Archbishop Glennon is another of the younger prelates who emphatically counts in the relations of his country and ours. Assuredly he has not forgotten the wrongs of Catholic Ireland ; but, in the wider vision he now commands, he is able to discriminate between past and present, and to recognize, as Cardinal Gibbons does, the solidarity of interests which unite the Catholics of the English-speaking world. His Archiepiscopate has been distinguished by two great achievements, the new Cathedral and the new Seminary. The Cathedral is Byzantine and, though designed on narrower lines, challenges comparison with Westminster's. It is, how-

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ever, much nearer completion, and will probably be finished to the last mosaic within a few years. His Grace himself revealed how they get things done "over there." The High Altar, estimated to cost 20,000 dollars, was the gift of a single benefactor, who suggested that some modification might be made in the plan. The Archbishop agreed that the cost might be reduced by omitting certain details; but the benefactor protested that the modifications he wanted were additions, not economies, and forthwith handed in a cheque for five times the sum! The Kenrick Seminary has been built on an equally "regardless" scale. The Chapel is particularly fine, and special pains are taken with the liturgical services. Each of the professors, too, is provided with a very handsome suite of rooms; while the students enjoy modest luxuries in the shape of common rooms, gymnasias, and baths of all kinds, which would almost scandalize our more ascetic and more conservative brethren. St. Louis University, under the Jesuits, has grown up from the humblest beginnings to its actual dignity. It counts 1,600 youths in its schools. Father Garesché, in *The Queen's Work*, runs a social movement, which he is very eager to see extended to our country.

Our last evening at St. Louis was spent at a farewell banquet given by the Knights of Columbus to the newly consecrated Bishop of Galveston, Mgr. Byrne, their ex-Chaplain, and the esteemed Pastor of a City Church. We were reminded, at this celebration, that all American dioceses are not like those we had been visiting; and that "Church Extension" is a problem there as here, though perhaps in a somewhat different form. There are dioceses, especially in the South, with as few as 7,000 Catholics, where every parish has one or several dependent missions to serve. There are wide tracts of "new" country where neither priest nor church is to be found for many miles. The problem is met, in the States, by the Church Extension Society, which has its headquarters in Chicago, and of which, as we have mentioned, Mgr. Francis Kelley is the origi-

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nator and leading spirit. We were immensely struck by the magnitude and business-like efficiency of the work. Its object is to raise a *National* fund, adequate for the needs of the missionary dioceses. For the incessant multiplication of dioceses in the United States, which has given such joy to the Holy See and added so much to the glory of the American Church, has not been altogether free from embarrassments. It is practically impossible for the stronger dioceses to pool their funds, or even their surpluses, in favour of the weaker ; and thus, a number of struggling Sees are brought into existence with vast fields to till without men or money to do it with. The Church Extension Society is "extra-diocesan," but enjoys the patronage of all dioceses. It has two large offices in Chicago, each fitted up like a huge commercial establishment and employing a small army of clerks. One of these deals with the collection of the Fund, chiefly by means of the Society's magazine, which circulates everywhere ; the other office deals exclusively with the administration of the Fund, making annual grants equivalent to the price of one temporary Chapel *per diem* ! In New York, where we were too late to see the beloved Cardinal Farley, we were entertained to lunch by Bishops Hayes and Muldoon, both of whom made cordial and delicate speeches. We were particularly struck by Bishop Hayes, who combines a gentle reserve with the brilliant prosecution of his military duties as Chaplain-General to the Catholic forces.

We had now spent over two months on American soil, and incidentally had done some ordinary "sight-seeing." This was no part of our programme : but our generous hosts would not be denied. In all their cities, the splendour of the public buildings exceeded all expectation ; while the beauty and extent of the drives along their rivers or the shores of their lakes took us quite by surprise. At New York, for instance, where the vacancy of the See deprived us of the public recognition accorded elsewhere, Father McMahon, Pastor of the model parish of Our Lady of Lourdes, whose unbounded hospitality has made so many

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English visitors his debtors, afforded us ample facilities for admiring the glories of his beloved native city. We were prepared for the "sky-scrapers," though they too possess architectural features we had not anticipated; but the motor ride along the course of the Hudson on the New Jersey side, passing through Harriman Park to West Point, and thence across the ferry back to the city (considerably over a hundred miles), was a continuous landscape-panorama never to be forgotten. Two of our non-ecclesiastical expeditions were pilgrimages which could not be omitted: to Washington's home and grave at Mount Vernon (so very English in feeling), overlooking the noble Potomac; and to Lincoln's home and grave at Springfield, Ill. At both places our brief expression of our country's appreciation of these great Americans gave evident gratification.

On November 28th, we availed ourselves of Mgr. Thomas's invitation to take part in the Thanksgiving Day function at his Church, St. Patrick's, Washington. The Star-spangled Banner makes a beautiful decoration, festooned along the walls, or wreathed about the pillars; and, on this occasion, it was reinforced by the bunting of all the Allies. For, on Thanksgiving Day, at Washington, not only does the President attend the Mass at St. Patrick's personally or by deputy, together with the Diplomatic body accredited to his Government, but also the political agents of the Pan-American Union—a forcible reminder that, if the Faith is strong in North America, it is the *only* Faith in South America; a fact that will gain significance as those promising Republics work off their effervescence and settle down to orderly development. As for us, it was a Thanksgiving Day indeed: for the wonderful religious progress we had seen, for the warmth of our welcome in all quarters, for the eagerness with which our American brethren accepted our invitation to make common cause with us in remodelling the world on Catholic lines, and, not least, for the victorious issue of the war. On the following Sunday, we assisted at the opening of the Forty Hours'

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in Baltimore Cathedral, ending where we had begun, and carrying away with us, as the last and most vivid impression of an unforgettable tour, the simple dignity, the unaffected kindliness, and the calm spiritual wisdom of the venerable Jubilarian.

* * * * *

The Golden Opportunity arising out of the Golden Jubilee mission is recognized as spontaneously on that side as on this. The inter-communion and closer co-operation of English-speaking Catholics has been the lifelong dream of America's Cardinal as it has been of our own. Was it not his theme at the London Eucharistic Congress in 1908? Has he not urged it, over and over again, in his published writings? At last, the misfortune of war seems likely to make the fortune of this Cause and to bring those dreams true. Never before has Catholic America been brought so near to us and in such numbers. Never before has Catholic America mingled its blood with ours in warfare against the common foe. Never before has Catholic America felt, as all now feel, how little it will avail to make the world safe for Democracy, unless Democracy is made safe for Christianity.

The war has changed completely the orientation of the American soul. Like very many in England, Americans had been accustomed, for several generations, to seek their "spiritual home" in Germany. Obsessed by the fetish of "efficiency," they had come to despise the ancient culture. Not only Harvard and Yale and Princetown, but Catholic Colleges also, had sent professors to the Fatherland for training, or had imported them thence. In the lurid light of the battlefields the scales have fallen from their eyes as from ours. The sun of Berlin, Tübingen and Bonn is set. Perhaps a new day is dawning for Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin. It will be a golden opportunity lost if English and American Catholics fail to profit by the movement

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which is causing our countries to gravitate each to each.

Social Reconstruction was the enterprise in which we found the Americans most keen for our alliance. The conditions of life, the political ideals, the laws and character and habits of the two peoples are so similar that the same problems are evolved, susceptible probably of the same solution. It seemed to us that America, with her fine sociological schools everywhere established, with adequate staff and unstinted apparatus, had far more to offer than she can hope to receive. Yet we discovered a remarkable and widespread appreciation of what English Catholic scholars have accomplished in this field, and a strong demand for more goods of the same quality. We were assured that our lecturers could always command numerous engagements, and that our delegates could always count upon the most cordial welcome to their periodical Congresses.

We should be guilty, however, of a *suppressio veri* if we passed over in silence the delicate question which imperils, and, until it is settled honourably, must continue to imperil our relations with America, especially Catholic America. It was our fixed intention, on leaving England, to avoid all political topics; and most of all, the fatal topic of Irish self-government. But we were soon made aware, and that in the highest quarters, that reticence on this matter would be misconstrued. No appeal for co-operation between English-speaking Catholics would be listened to, we were told, unless Catholic England was prepared to express her sympathy, plainly and unreservedly, with Catholic Ireland. Therefore, at Washington, when addressing the most distinguished audience we could hope for, we took occasion to make a declaration which we thought represented faithfully the genuine sentiments of the vast majority of English Catholics, and which was accepted as satisfactory throughout America, except by the extreme partisans of the Clan-na-Gael. After exhorting the English-speaking peoples to combine for the purpose of doing for

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our tongue what the Latin Fathers did for theirs, viz., "convert" it from the service of error to the service of truth, we continued :

No such scheme among English-speaking Catholics can be complete or satisfactory which does not include the ancient, glorious, and ever-faithful Church of St. Patrick. For (strange as it sounds) the Church of St. Patrick has been the foremost evangelist in the English tongue, and has planted or replanted the Faith in every land where that tongue is spoken. . . . English Catholics are eager for cordial co-operation. For the moment, indeed, the horizon is overclouded by maddening political intrigues which have put Ireland in a false position before the world. With those political intrigues the Irish Hierarchy considers itself bound to deal, because the Irish people are accustomed to look for guidance to their Clergy in temporal as well as spiritual matters. But the English Hierarchy, like the American Hierarchy, is very differently situated ; we have nothing to do with party politics anywhere. But this I can say, that the British public generally, and British Catholics in particular, are determined that the findings of the Irish Convention shall not remain a dead letter ; and we shall give our support *en masse* to the Government when it incorporates those findings in a new and final Home Rule measure. The Red Hand of Ulster cannot be allowed to wreck any more statutes. Ascendancy must end in Ireland as it must end in Prussia and elsewhere.

We look to our fellow-Catholics to honour our bond.

✠ F. W., BISHOP OF NORTHAMPTON.

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THE Christian has no difficulty in diagnosing the primary cause of the world's present disorders. It is an old, long-standing source of evil, dating, indeed, from the Fall, for whether it affects nations or individuals it is simply self-regard pushed beyond due bounds. Self-regard is the most radical instinct of the rational creature, prompting it to secure whatever makes or seems to make for its well-being. Saint and sinner alike are started by it on their respective courses ; in the former, it is speedily merged and swallowed up in regard for God and His interests ; he has found his life in losing it : in the latter, it soon degenerates into selfishness, a regard for self which is not only excessive but which ignores the rights of others ; seeking to save his life he has lost it. The fundamental moral disease of the world, then, is selfishness—the abuse of a natural endowment ; and the remedy is justice, a virtue which reminds self of other “ selves ” and their claims. No virtue is easier to define than this—it is the rendering to everyone what is owing—and none is more commonly violated. Self-regard, unless carefully and conscientiously disciplined, weakens both our perception of others' claims and our readiness to grant them. We start with a strong prejudice in favour of self, a strong tendency to self-preference, which must be counteracted, if justice is to be done to our neighbour. More, of course, than justice is needed for the world's well-being. There are degrees of selfishness that are not strictly unjust but which offend charity and kindly dealing. Still, if we strove to be really just we should not find charity lacking.

* *Distributive Justice : the Right and Wrong of our Present Distribution of Wealth*, by John A. Ryan, D.D. (Macmillan). *Idola Fori*, by William Samuel Lilly (Chapman & Hall). *The Servile State*, by Hilaire Belloc (Foulis). *The Nation's Crisis*, by Cardinal Bourne ; and *Labour Claims and Industrial Peace*, by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.S. (Catholic Social Guild).

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Accordingly the process of reconstructing the world which is going on at present must resolve itself into devising methods and supplying motives for keeping self-regard, whether in the community or the individual, from issuing in unjust selfishness. As Christians know, the one thing which most effectively supplies this method and motive is religion, the acknowledgment and fulfilment as the part of the creature of God's claims to love, worship and service. No one can do his duty towards God without also incidentally fulfilling all that he owes his neighbour and his country. Nor can anyone adequately realize his obligations as a member of society or properly carry them out, unless with an ultimate reference to God's law. To see this life steadily and see it whole we must needs envisage the next as well. Are, then, in this unbelieving world all schemes for reconstruction bound to fail? By no means, and that for a reason worth stressing. Although we are wont to speak of Christian principles and call for a return to the Christian law, our appeal is addressed to all reasonable men whatever their belief. Before Christianity, there was the Decalogue, and the Decalogue is only the expression of the natural law imprinted from the first on man's conscience by his Creator. The natural law in this sense is not to be confounded with the law or laws of nature, those observed uniformities of tendency and operation in the material universe which scientists have classified and named, but it is the reflection in the mind of man of the Eternal Law, regulating the conscious actions of the creature to God's glory and its own welfare. It is to that law, enforced, indeed, illustrated, expanded and fulfilled in Christianity, but not otherwise specifically Christian, that we look as the basis of social reconstruction. Even the atheist will, or should, allow it the sanction of proved utility. The prohibitions of the Decalogue are not barriers to freedom, but guide-rails to keep humanity from falling into the abyss. It cannot but be that the highest human development will result from following the directions of the all-wise

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Creator. If the human heart craves for justice and resents injustice, that is because God who made it is essentially just. The mind of man, unsophisticated and unperverted, is naturally Christian, and even those who have unhappily no religion should welcome the support of Christianity in re-establishing the foundations of civilization which the war and the antecedents of the war have grievously impaired.

The reconstruction which the times demand concerns not only this State or that, but the whole family of States, the world at large. In the last issue of this REVIEW the imperative necessity and entire feasibility of international reconstruction were ably expounded and urged by Mr. Snead-Cox, and need not here be further emphasized. So unthinkable is the alternative to a radical change in international relations that the wonder is that such a change should need advocates and should meet opponents. We have to substitute trust for suspicion, goodwill for hostility, justice for self-interest, co-operation for competition, law-abiding liberty for lawless licence. This we must do, at least seriously endeavour to do, or perish. We must prepare for peace as hitherto we have prepared for war. The alternatives are set before us with the utmost definiteness—either the old system with its evil and its menace immensely increased by new conditions, or a complete scrapping of the old machinery and the old spirit in favour of a new international orientation. That can be secured only by the practical recognition that there is something higher, even here on earth, than the Sovereign State, that the common good of humanity ought to take precedence of all but the essential interests of each nation, just as in every community the common good transcends all but the inalienable rights of the individual. The terrible Prussian threat to civilization, now providentially overcome, made clearer than ever before that the world had common interests to preserve, and united the great majority of nations for their preservation. That union, as Mr. Snead-Cox has shown, must be made permanent and complete, and represented

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by some sort of a supra-national organization watching over the common good.

“We are provincials no longer,” cried President Wilson in one of the greatest of his pre-war speeches (5th March, 1917). “The tragical events of thirty months of vital turmoil through which we have just passed have made us citizens of the world. There can be no turning back.” Previously the same statesman had said “The world is no longer divided into little circles of interest. The world no longer consists of neighbourhoods. The whole is linked together in a common life and interest *such as humanity never saw before*, and the starting of war can never again be private and individual matter for nations.” The italicised words indicating the new vision show us at the same time the grounds of our hope. Hitherto selfishness has been the besetting sin of Sovereign States. We may search history for long without finding any trace of national action not ultimately reducible to self-interest. The shining example of Belgium’s self-sacrifice in 1914 gains additional lustre from its excessive rarity. And, whilst reprobating the criminal pursuit of selfish aims, we need not wonder that nations, or that statesmen, representing or misrepresenting nations, having lost the bond of a common religion, should be exclusively engrossed with their own concerns. The promotion of national welfare is the very *raison d’être* of the State, and, convinced as were previous generations, misled by a false philosophy, that competition not co-operation was the primary condition of success, national selfishness became a virtue, and took the name and usurped the credit of patriotism. Our generation has at least the chance of learning that national divisions, given one common aim, need not prevent comradeship and association. We may lose some opportunities of aggrandizement, we may suffer some checks to freedom, if the nations become one federated family; but as President Wilson said in the French Chamber on Monday, February 3rd—“The sacrifices which may be demanded under that League

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are as nothing to those which will be required without it.”*

However, the reconstruction of the world's order on the basis of a common pursuit of justice, the substitution of a policy of trust for a policy of strife, must surely be preceded or at least accompanied by a similar process in each individual State. Peace at home is as well worth ensuring as peace abroad. I do not propose to examine in any detail to what extent our system of government is in accord with justice. We are supposed to be a democracy and the democratic ideal assumes that every citizen is equal before the law and is consulted in the framing of the law. He is governed in such and such a way, not only because some government is necessary for life in society, but also because this particular government has his consent. It cannot, I think, be disputed that, taking account of man's essential dignity as a rational creature and especially of his highest prerogative—his liberty or power of self-determination, this form of government is theoretically the best. St. Thomas, centuries before the democratic theory was essayed in practice in Christendom, calls it the ideal.† Since it is in freedom that man most resembles his Maker, the more free he is the higher is his development. Consequently, the more his government is self-government, the more free he remains or becomes. To have to be told what is best for you argues imperfect knowledge: to have to be compelled to do it argues defective will. When perfectly upright, doing good in virtue of our perfect disposition, we become perfectly free, for “the law was not made for the just man.” When all those whose interests are

* The world is waiting and watching to see which of the great States will first give unequivocal proof of its sincerity by some great act of sacrifice, which will be more than repaid by the impetus given to the spirit of mutual trust. At least, all the Powers concerned should at once denounce the unfortunate Secret Treaties, which were conceived in the spirit of the old diplomacy.

† The ideal form of government is that wherein one is given power to preside over all, while under him are others having governing powers, and yet a government of this kind is shared by all, both because all are eligible to govern, and because the rulers are chosen by all.—*Summa Theol.*

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concerned share in framing and administering the law, conceived by them in the interests of all, then we have pure democracy. It presupposes intelligence, good-will and honesty in the citizens and a substantial unity of purpose amongst all sections of the State. That said, one need say no more as to the immediate prospects of perfect democracy amongst us. Ten years ago the present head of the Government described what the system actually was and what it threatened to become. “Is Britain,” he asked, “going down and down from a half-democracy into a plutocracy under the heel of an aristocracy?” The heel of an aristocracy may no longer threaten, but what about the plutocracy? Has not our “half-democracy” already descended into that abyss? Have our leaders done anything to check that descent?

This brings us to what is really the crux of the whole matter. The political side of government has become of less importance. It may be frankly confessed that in the vast mixed community which forms the modern State, anything approaching real democracy is impossible. For that we must postulate in the bulk of the people the knowledge and the moral integrity that fits them to govern: we must assume that the vote is the voice of an enlightened conscience, and that the voters make the common welfare their chief concern. For some time to come these necessary conditions will seemingly be absent: the struggle for justice in the immediate future will centre around economics rather than politics. It is here rather than in the forms of government that reconstruction is necessary if we are to have peace. It has long been the aim of organized Labour in this country to secure the same control over industry that they are in process of securing over politics, and from that point of view nothing could be more natural. The widest possible franchise and the fullest participation in government is of little avail so long as economic control, control that is, over the means of human livelihood and welfare, is in the grasp of a small and irresponsible minority.

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“Self-government,” says a writer in a Labour paper (*The Herald*, Jan. 25th, 1919), “democracy, which confines itself to mere control of the political organs, leaving the control of economic power in the hands of an hereditary economic autocracy, is a sham: politics is only a small part of a man’s life; his daily work—the conditions of his existence in the shop, factory, field—is an immense part; and there can be no real ‘self-government’ until his government extends to the control of these things.” In other words, Capitalism in its modern developments is held to stand in the way of a just reconstruction of society. What is to be said in regard to the contention of this writer, which represents the view, not only of professed Socialists, but of many comparatively moderate Labour men? * We have seen that justice demands a new arrangement of inter-State relations, also a drastic purifying of the forms of political power. Must the whole industrial system be also changed in order to eliminate war at home, or can the present system be preserved in essence, divested of all its drawbacks? The notable book, by one of the leading Catholic sociologists of the States, the Rev. J. A. Ryan, D.D., entitled, *Distributive Justice: the Right and Wrong of our Present Distribution of Wealth*, helps us to answer these questions.

But, first, it may be well to glance at the abuses of the present industrial system. We cannot rightly understand the feelings of the toad until we, at least, know his relations with the harrow. As things are, then, the inequalities of human conditions are very great; the good things of life are very unevenly distributed; not more so, objectively, than at any other period of the world’s history, but much more perceptibly so because of the better education of the masses and their loss of the support of the Christian faith. Those belonging to the lower orders are asking why it is that the few should have opportunities of education, recreation, travel, culture, should

* The elaborate plan known as Guild Socialism has the democratization of industry for its chief aim.

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easily acquire positions of power and social consideration, should be free from the necessity of hard work, should claim to belong, because of these undeserved advantages, to a higher caste, and should subordinate so many of their fellow-creatures to their needs and their luxuries? It is not enough to answer that Providence has arranged this social hierarchy, and that instead of grumbling the many should order themselves lowly and humbly towards their betters. They are not convinced that this is so, because there is so much that is manifestly unjust in industrial conditions that God cannot be thought to approve of it. As long as the multitude was unorganized and untrained to think, and was blindly led by immemorial tradition, it could make no persistent or effective complaint. Now it is not content with social subjection, a lifetime of toil, the stigma of hired service, an inferior education, a lower culture and quality of life. It will no longer readily support a parasitic body, a class which, producing no wealth itself but only consuming it, lives upon the past or present labour of others and causes others to labour the more because it chooses to be idle. I wonder how many of us, if asked to write out our social philosophy, would be found to condemn these aspirations of our fellow-creatures. Yet, if they are justifiable, there must be much in our present economic conditions, *necessitating* as they do the subjection and impoverishment of such multitudes of human lives, which is grievously unjust.

Over sixty years ago Disraeli, a shrewd and dispassionate observer, looking upon the conditions of his time almost with the detachment of a being from another sphere, wrote of the life around him :

If a spirit of rapacious covetousness, desecrating all the humanities of life, has been the besetting sin of England for the last century and a half, since the passing of the Reform Act [1832], the altar of Mammon has blazed with triple worship. To acquire, to accumulate, to plunder each other by virtue of philosophic phrases, to propose a Utopia to consist of only WEALTH and TOIL,—this has been the breathless business of enfranchised England for the last twelve years, until we are

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startled from our voracious strife by the wail of intolerable serfage.—*Sybil or the Two Nations*.

What Disraeli was describing in that scathing passage was the working of the old Economic Liberalism, which, in the industrial order, was as odious an instrument of oppression as was Prussianism in the political. It banished morality from commercial dealings, and put in its place various embodiments of human cupidity, styled “iron laws,” and what not, to which it gave the force of immutable axioms. It sought support in the atheistic philosophy which denied free will and ascribed all human betterment to a pitiless competition, “the free play of natural forces,” eliminating the weak and unfit. For more than a century this devil’s doctrine of avarice ruled economic life in this land, grinding the faces of the poor, raising this country to the front rank of industrial nations, gathering vast accumulations of wealth into the hands of the comparatively few, and degrading hordes of landless work-folk to the status of slaves.

What the Orthodox Political Economy [writes Mr. Lilly] venerates as the “powerful principle, alone and without any assistance capable of carrying on the society to wealth and prosperity,”* as being “in political economy what gravitation is in physics,”† as a “grand and noble moral theorem,”‡ the ethical teachers, from whom the western world learnt for a thousand years, numbered among the seven deadly sins.§

What misery this perversion, which justified and stimulated a natural selfishness already so prone to excess, caused to generation after generation of workers, there are dozens of Blue Books to show. Those who lack leisure may read the account of it in Mr. and Mrs. Hammond’s two valuable volumes, *The Village Labourer* (1911) and *The Town Labourer* (1917). It is a familiar theme to the economic student, and it never leaves the long memories of the poor. “Old, unhappy, far-off things?” Alas! no. The war has shown this industrial Prussianism

* Adam Smith. † Bastiot. ‡ Francis Newman.

§ *Idola Fori*. The whole chapter, “The Question of Cheapness,” is a masterly arraignment of Godless Economics.

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still rampant amongst us. Legislation stimulated by Carlyle, Kingsley, Dickens, Ruskin, and the Christian economists may have slain the giant's body, but his spirit has survived to haunt us.

There are millions of people [said Cardinal Bourne in his survey of the situation a few months ago], for whom the necessary conditions of life are never realized. All their lives they are forced to be content with dwellings that are badly built and equipped, unfit for a growing family and wanting in ordinary conveniences. They are tied by the exigencies of their daily toil to a particular locality and must perforce put up with the accommodation that they can find. Their weekly income will never rise beyond a miserable pittance ; before their eyes is ever the spectre of the possibility of unemployment. *But there is nothing in the nature of things to render such a condition in any way necessary.* It cannot be urged that the goods of this world are insufficient for the maintenance of all those who dwell therein. On every side there are evidences of wealth and plenty. Money is acquired and heaped up in the ownership of individuals to such an extent that it must be quite impossible for the possessor *adequately to control either its acquisition or its outlay.*

Such conditions are clearly unnatural and abnormal. The poor man is forced to struggle for his living wage, obtained too often at the cost of strikes which paralyse industry. The rich are led to think that *the acquisition of wealth is the main object of life*, and the strike is fought by the lock-out. . . . Meanwhile there is wealth in plenty to satisfy both workers and capitalist. The problem to be solved is to find a way of *distributing the surplus wealth*, so that the poor man, manual worker or inferior clerk, may have the additional remuneration that he so urgently needs ; and the rich man no longer receive the heaped-up increment, which *he in no sense requires* and cannot efficiently control.

We have reason to be proud that the chief representative of the Catholic Church in this land has spoken so openly and boldly, especially in the phrases italicized, in denouncing that excessive self-regard which is the source of so much social injustice. Elsewhere, and earlier, he declared in effect that the reaction against this monstrous ill-treatment was in thorough accord with Christian principles, that Labour, as another writer has it, is suffering

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from “suppressed Catholicism.” “Its passion for fair treatment and for liberty” (says the Cardinal); “its resentment at bureaucratic interferences with family life; its desire for self-realization and opportunities of education; above all, its conviction that persons are of more value than property—these surely give us points of contact and promise a sympathetic welcome to our message.”

It is the conviction and lawful boast of Catholics that whatever is fair and just in the Socialist demand will find a surer basis and more prudent application in the teaching of the Church, which has always condemned the selfish individualism responsible for the present disorders. The war has shown that the worship of Mammon still prevails in the commercial world. Those—and how many there were!—who took advantage of the national need to add to their business profits may now reflect that they have made immediate and inevitable a reformation which might have been long delayed. Profiteering, and all the many forms of usury whereby capital has taken more than its fair share of the wealth produced by its association with labour, are as iniquitous in peace as they are in war. The commercial world will not be allowed to settle down again to the old individualistic forms of economic productions, with labour treated merely as a commodity to be paid for at the market price.* The wage-system, as a mere wage-system, is at an end. Commerce must presently adjust itself to the human needs and rights of those on whose labours it depends, instead of degrading the holy spirit of man to its sordid material exigencies. There are those who deny the right of any man to make money by the labour of his fellows; there are those who say that all production should be for use and never for profit. To what extent, we may ask, does justice demand a change in the present system? How are its extremes, whether of penury or wealth, to be avoided? How shall the class war, raging in Russia and threatening every-

* “There is no more a fair rate of wage than there is a fair price of cotton or iron.” So Jevons, in his *Primer of Political Economy*, a book still in use!

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where, be averted? Let Dr. Ryan, to whose book we now return, suggest answers to these problems, especially that stated above by Cardinal Bourne, the second of the three. There, reduced to its simplest elements, is the great question on the sound solution of which depends the world's peace and the peace of each State in the world. How are we to secure amongst the inhabitants of the world an equitable distribution of the world's goods?

In *Distributive Justice*, Dr. Ryan limits his discussion to the distribution of income, of wealth, *i.e.*, due to some share in the process of production; but it will be found that if income is justly divided the whole problem is practically solved. Not that we regard money as the chief good of life: it is desirable only as the usual means of securing the satisfaction of our needs and conveniences and pleasures. Now there are four distinct classes who take part in the production of wealth—landowners, capitalists, entrepreneurs or business men, and labourers. Each of these four classes contributes a distinct and necessary factor of production, though, of course, the same individual may at times fulfil more than one of these functions. What has to be decided is in what proportion does justice demand that the wealth thus created should be shared amongst the four. In accordance with this division, Dr. Ryan, in the four sections of his book, discusses successively, “The Morality of Private Land-ownership and Rent,” “The Morality of Private Capital and Interest,” “The Moral Aspect of Profits,” and “The Moral Aspect of Wages.” One sees at a glance how many burning questions are thus opened up, how many varied theories have to be examined and appraised, how much, indeed, is still incapable of accurate determination. For, in strong contrast to the Old Dispensation wherein the Almighty legislated minutely on land-ownership and other social problems, under the New there is little direct revelation or direction as to what justice demands in community life. A set of clear and far-reaching principles may indeed be culled from the New Testament, notably a ruling of St. Paul's—“If a man work not

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neither let him eat”—and the Church from time to time has denounced certain social theories and industrial practices as immoral, but in the main man is left in the hands of his own counsel as to particular social arrangements he chooses to live under, and the sole determinant of the lawfulness of some particular system, apart from the general guidance of the Commandments, may be no more than this—whether or not in the long run it makes for human welfare and human progress. This is especially true of questions regarding the limits to be placed on private ownership in the higher interests of the community and this is generally the principle appealed to by Dr. Ryan in determining the validity of such and such an economic project. We need not follow him in detail into the maze of views and theories which he surveys so clearly and dispassionately and analyses with such skill. Much of the work of the Christian economist must consist in demolishing the unsound opinions which from time to time have held the field, and this work our author does fairly and conscientiously, giving reasons, both ethical and practical, for his repudiations. But we may note that in the main he justifies private ownership whether of land or of other means of production, also the taking of profits and working for wages. As a Christian economist he could hardly do otherwise, for all these practices are allowed by Christian ethics. Still, let no great landowner or millionaire, no advocate of the old economics, fancy that he can read *Distributive Justice* with complacency. Dr. Ryan administers many salutary shocks to conventional views. The great Catholic principles of the essential equality of all men and the sacredness of human personality, the recognition of which is bound up with all sound systems of human welfare, ill harmonize, as he fearlessly shows, with many current commercial practices.

No project of reconstruction, no plan for the redistribution of the national wealth but must begin with the question of the land, the source of all material goods. There is no question but that the land is badly distributed.

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“Who made,” asked a certain Radical named David Lloyd George in 1909, “who made ten thousand people owners of the soil and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth?” The rhetorician needs a pointed contrast and heightens his colours or figures, accordingly. There are a hundred times as many landowners in England as Mr. Lloyd George stated, and there is still some public ground whereon the landless may legally stand, but it is true in the main that this country is not owned by its inhabitants. It is impossible, then, to conceive a stable and peaceful community in which a prime necessity for existence and well-being is the exclusive possession of a comparative few. The multiplication of landlords or their total abolition—which, then, should be the remedy? Although, as Dr. Ryan shows, the right to own land is a natural right not derived from the State, it is only indirectly so, because necessary in *present conditions* for individual or human welfare. This does not preclude the possibility of the rise of social conditions in which national ownership of the land of the country, so that all land-holders should be tenants of the State—a sort of return to the feudal tenure—would better promote both individual and social welfare. Dr. Ryan is careful to point out that a system of land tenure, which allowed the individual full use and secure possession of his holding, full ownership of improvements and free power to transmit and transfer, would confer all the benefits which Pope Leo XIII, in the famous Encyclical *De Conditione Opificum*, assigned to private ownership and on the strength of which he declared it natural and necessary, but he concludes that the appropriation of rent and increment-values contemplated by the single-taxers would probably violate that natural right. Clearly Dr. Ryan would not, in order to secure justice, abolish private land-ownership: he considers it right and conducive to human welfare: at the same time he points out the many defects of the present system and advocates as a remedy the extension of land ownership to worthy and competent persons by a system of

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State loans.* And he shows that in the case of tenancy the actual worker on the land has the first right to subsistence from it, which takes precedence of the tenant's profits, just as the tenant's livelihood should normally take precedence of the landlord's rent.

Although the claims of the other three classes of producers—the capitalists with their interest, the business men with their profits and the worker with his wages—may best be studied separately, yet they are so vitally interconnected that they can be taken together without confusion. The root of the present discontent is, as we have said, the unhappy fact that even apart from land, other forms of capital too are concentrated in the hands of a few who are thus able to, and not unfrequently do, in the oft-quoted words of Leo XIII, “lay upon the teeming masses of the labouring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself.” Thus the State is divided into two nations, always at variance, always a menace to order and stability and a cause of serious weakness. We speak of the Government legislating for “the people as a whole”: there is no such entity. We speak of measures to promote “the general interest”: the general interest cannot easily be discovered. Hitherto we have had class legislation in the interests of class. There is no unity such as existed under the feudal system or even under the Tudor despotism. The gravest sign of the times is this permanent clashing of interests which will lead inevitably to civil war unless remedied in time. The existence in large, in overwhelming numbers of a landless property-less class of wage earners, who create wealth of which they get no fair share, who cannot establish decent homes, educate their children properly, practise their religion, safeguard their health, provide for their old age, and who must therefore depend on employers for their subsistence and on State-aid, *i.e.*, a fine levied on the

* Land is only one form of property, and, whilst it is desirable to restore to agriculture large idle estates, and increase the number of farmer-proprietors, there is no use settling on the land people who have not the skill or taste to develop it. These can be rescued from unworthy dependence by other forms of possessions.

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rest of the community, to fulfil their most elementary human responsibilities—the existence of such a class is an outrage and a disgrace to any civilized community. “Who is responsible,” asked Mr. Lloyd George, who so often has *le mot juste*, in 1909, “for the scheme of things whereby a man is engaged through life in grinding labour to win a bare and precarious subsistence . . . whilst another man who does no toil receives every hour of the day more than his poor neighbour receives in a whole year?” The answer to that question is easy. The responsibility falls on the covetous human heart, unchecked inwardly by religion or outwardly by the law, which seeks and takes, by every kind of usurious practice, payment for goods not delivered, risks not run, services not rendered. The responsibility falls on the teachers who abandoned Christianity, and said that the love of money was the source of all good and not the root of all evil. Justice cannot be secured, peace cannot be established, until conscience and law combine to forswear that false doctrine, to restore the worker to his human dignity, to guarantee his decent livelihood. The remedy for the disease of Capitalism is, not a system of State-insurance which would only change the form of the worker’s dependence, but the transference by one method or another to the labouring class of income-bearing property. It may be done by a system of profit-sharing or co-operation. Until it is done, as Dr. Ryan writes :

The workers do not enjoy a normal or reasonable degree of independence, self-respect, or self-confidence. They have not sufficient control over the wage-contract and the other conditions of employment, and they have nothing at all to say concerning the goods that they shall produce or the persons to whom their product shall be sold. They lack the incentive to put forth their best efforts in production. They cannot satisfy adequately the instinct of property, the desire to control some of the determining forms of material possession. They are deprived of that consciousness of power which is generated exclusively by property and which contributes so powerfully towards the making of a

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contented and efficient life. They do not possess a normal amount of freedom in politics, nor in those civic and social relations which lie outside the spheres of industry and politics. In a word the worker without capital has not sufficient power over the ordering of his own life.

There is no need then, to abolish the rights of property, but every need to insist upon the duties and responsibilities of property. If in any particular country the tenure of property is such that a great proportion of its inhabitants have only a precarious access to the goods of the earth, in which all as human beings should in fairness share, then the rights of property are being abused. We must restore the notion of what the scholastics called the fiduciary character of wealth. Man is the steward, not the absolute owner, of what he possesses. He may not do what he likes with his own, he may only do what he ought, and his obligations are dictated largely by his social circumstances. He may not so accumulate the limited goods of this world that he is choked with superfluity whilst his neighbour goes in want. Dr. Ryan does not hesitate to urge the duty, whether it be based upon strict justice or on charity, incumbent on possessors of superfluous wealth to distribute it in some such way as to alleviate human misery. Mr. Carnegie is said to be determined to die a poor man. He at any rate would agree with our author when he writes :

The proposition that men are under moral obligation to give away the greater portion of their superfluous goods or income is, indeed, a “hard saying.” Not improbably it will strike the majority of persons who read these pages as extreme and fantastic. No Catholic, however, who knows the traditional teaching of the Church on the right use of wealth, and who considers patiently and seriously the magnitude and meaning of human distress, will be able to refute the proposition by reasoned arguments. Indeed, no man can logically deny it who admits that men are intrinsically sacred, and essentially equal by nature and in their claims to a reasonable livelihood from the common heritage of the earth. The wants that a man supplies out of his superfluous goods are not necessary for rational existence. For the most part they bring him merely irrational enjoyment, greater social

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prestige, or increased domination over his fellows. Judged by any reasonable standard these are surely less important than those needs of his neighbour which are connected with humane living.

But we may preach long in the marts and exchanges of the world before Dives hearkens to this salutary gospel. The obligation, however real, is somewhat indeterminate, and the millionaire will find many excuses for sticking to his money bags. So in default of conscience, justice must turn to the State and invoke the civil powers to secure if possible by law a fair distribution of the country's wealth. Selfishness must be curbed by force if moral influences are ruled out. The process in the case of the wealthy may be likened to preventive inoculation. To avoid violent revolution they must accept drastic reform. If some people have too much of the limited goods of earth and others not enough, no plan of readjustment can be devised which does not involve taking from the latter and giving to the former. How best the State may do this let statesmen speedily devise, or else they may find the Have-Nots superseding their deliberations by “direct action.” Organized Society has never failed in its function of safeguarding property—the right to acquire and to keep, so necessary for human development. But it has never yet formally faced the fact that excessive wealth in private hands is an evil both for the rich and for the State. It must face that fact now and decide how to reduce excess and relieve penury where they exist and how to prevent their reappearance. No doubt, in the process there will be confiscation of unjust gains, stringent regulations of trusts and monopolies, strict limitation of profits, much “nationalization” of public services. Mammon will shake on his throne, and the good easy folk who have never troubled to justify their social creed will be aghast at the changes which with the sanction of Christian morality the reformers will exact, with the Ten Commandments at their back and the permanent well-being of the whole community as their guide.

The alternative is—red revolution. Unless the workers, who are the vast majority of every community, can readily

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secure what is just and fair, socially, politically, industrially, they will tend to claim more than their rights. Let the “upper classes” be at peace with their adversaries whilst they are in the way with them. Every day sees the latter better organized and more determined. They hold in the vote all the essentials of political power ; and, as for industry, their strength there is as the strength of Samson—and they may use it as he finally did. Let us for our part, Christians in name, insist upon Christian justice. The patriot who is willing in a problematical future to die for his country proves himself a sham, unless he lives for it now. A just and fair nation is composed of just and fair individuals. We have no lack of guidance in the writings of Pope and Cardinal and theologian and sociologist, setting before us the Christian ideal. Civilization *needs* Christ, the Father of the world to come (which may haply mean the Christianized social order), and the Prince of Peace. But Christ needs the co-operation of Christians.

JOSEPH KEATING.

HEREDITARY MON- ARCHY

EACH epoch in history has its dominant characteristic. That of the Sixteenth Century was the rise of great centralized kingdoms upon the ruins of many a city republic and feudal lordship. That of the present time is the transmutation of these kingdoms into republics. The change has been swift. In the first years of the present century monarchy was the prevailing form of government from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic. There were no republics in Asia or Europe save those of France and Switzerland. In every other Asiatic and European State there was monarchy, limited or unlimited, by right of birth, although in the two Americas the last independent monarchy disappeared when Brazil became a republic, and then Canada alone, as part of the British Empire, acknowledged a crowned hereditary chief. Cuba was divorced from the Spanish Crown. This state of things lasted until a few years ago. Now a man may travel due west from Vladivostok or Peking to Brest, and not pass through any territory where monarchy still exists. The only hereditary monarchies of note now left are those of the British Empire, Japan, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Greece and the Balkan countries, and some of these seem to rest upon a volcanically precarious foundation.

Is it likely that any of the fallen royal houses will be restored? Possibly it might be so, if a restoration, as the result of social chaos, were to come soon, in the lifetime of a generation educated in the monarchical tradition, as happened in England in 1660. But improbably, if a whole generation were to grow up and pass away under republican forms. The ancient monarchy of France was restored in 1814, after an interval of twenty years, by foreign arms, and with the temporary acquiescence of a people weary of revolutionary changes

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and Napoleonic War, but it never took root again. Too long an interregnum had elapsed, and the traditional feeling was broken for good. It proved that the old monarchy was like the unfortunate Humpty-Dumpty, "All the King's horses and all the King's men could not put Humpty-Dumpty on the wall again." The strength of hereditary monarchy lies in a loyalty of personal feeling, and, across a wide chasm, it seems almost impossible to restore this, as impossible as to restore in integrity a warm friendship, a love, broken for twenty years. Religion offers analogies. In countries which became Protestant the feeling with regard to "Our Lady," handed down from parent to child from earliest times, was broken, and cannot be restored, although those who return to the Catholic Church, with its unbroken history and tradition, find it there as living as ever.

There must be some deep underlying reason for the fall of the old form of monarchy. We now have seen the Russian, German, Austrian and minor monarchies fall as the apparent result of unsuccessful war. But in former days unsuccessful wars did not destroy a royal rule. Before the peace of Utrecht, Louis XIV was just as utterly defeated, worn down by superior adverse strength, by the Powers allied against him, as Wilhelm II and Karl of Austria were in 1918, but he was not driven out of Versailles and France. Between 1793 and 1809 Austria was defeated in four wars by France, and Vienna was twice occupied by the foe, but the dynasty of the Hapsburgs was not overthrown. In his famous conversation at Dresden with Metternich in 1813 Napoleon said, "If your Emperor is beaten he can go back all the same to Vienna, because he holds an ancient hereditary throne, but I, a soldier of fortune, cannot return to Paris, defeated." So great a strength was still given, a hundred years ago, by the hereditary character of monarchy. But now half the thrones of Europe have fallen in a great defeat.

Austria did not break up in consequence of the crushing defeats by Napoleon because the spirit of nationalism had

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not yet been aroused from its slumber. The Hungarian movement towards independence did not begin till later. But in France, hereditary monarchy died because it had accomplished its purpose. The mould which had formed the unity of the nation could now be cast aside.

Ozanam, who, if he had not died at 40, might have been the most remarkable writer in the great French historical school of the Nineteenth Century, says in his *Civilization au cinquième Siècle*, with reference to the completion of the fabric of Roman law just before the overthrow of the Roman Empire, that "the principles which save the human race are those which know how to let die that which is mortal in them."

Roman law was to become master of the world, but on the condition that the Roman Empire should perish; nothing less than the fall of the Empire was necessary to destroy all these dreams of legal fictions, all these remains of profound hostilities rooted in the entrails of Roman morals; nothing less than the sword of Attila and the foot of Odoacer was required to overthrow the last phantom of the imperial throne and set free the world. This was required to create that life which was truly the soul of Roman law, that is to say, this principle of natural equity which begins its struggle in the blood of Virginia, and on the Sacred Mount, which fights by the word of the tribunes, by the edicts of the prætors, which finds a new force with stoic philosophy, but which Christianity alone has been able to make triumph. Disembarrassed from all encumbrances, from the gold, the purple, all the apparatus of the imperial power, and from human pomps, it is at last found master of the world at the moment when it was believed to be annihilated.

"Unless a seed die"—says St. Paul. This principle of history goes far. The mould of Judaism produced the new life of the Christian religion, and was then shattered; the Roman Empire produced not only the system of law and administration, but the Catholic Church, and was then destroyed. The temporal power of the Popes was the protective sheathing of the Papacy through the rough Middle Ages and through later times of uncertainty. Within three months after the Vatican Council

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had placed the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Chair of St. Peter beyond doubt or question, the temporal power in the States of the Church had vanished. It had secured for a thousand years the practical independence of the Roman See.

The work, then, of monarchy has been to form the unity of nations. In some cases it succeeded, where there was natural unity enough to work on, as in France, or Spain, or Britain—England, Scotland and Wales. In other cases, as in Austria, where races were too divergent, it has failed. It failed to fuse into one nation the English and the Irish, for the same reason, accentuated when Saxon England became Protestant and Celtic Ireland remained Catholic.

Even when there is small chance of fusing races, the monarchic institution is necessary to hold wide and varied dominions together in peace. Ancient Rome, while all the citizens lived in or near the walls, could maintain under republican form a quarrelsome unity; but, as the Roman dominion extended and embraced distant and dissimilar races, a monarchy, though at first under republican guise, became necessary. Taking the minds of men as they used to be, incapable of abstract conceptions and needing personal symbols, in all European countries during many following centuries, it is clear that nothing but real monarchy could have overcome the strong individualism and localism of the new races, and, working upon the connections of blood and language, with the aid of recollections of Roman law and administration, could have gradually moulded the tribes into modern nations. The work was so effectively done at last, that several of these nations could, if they chose, dispense with monarchy altogether, or reduce it to a pure form and symbol. England has taken the latter course, France has taken the former, and the proof that France was ripe for this is that the nation has for the last fifty years remained united under a pure republican form. Indeed, as one of her statesmen said, the republic is the form of

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government which divides Frenchmen the least. Yet the unity of no country was more due to hereditary monarchy than that of France. The French monarchy by the very completeness of its success most completely destroyed its own necessity.

In some cases a monarchy may be overthrown by the effect of example and imitation, or in the result of a disastrous war, before its work is done, that is to say, before the nation has achieved unity enough to remain united without it. This now seems to be the case of Russia. There was no breach in French national unity when the monarchy was destroyed in the person of Louis XVI, but when the Czardom fell in 1917 national disintegration at once appeared. Russia seemed likely to fall back into the various elements which had been brought under one rule by the arms and policy of the House of Romanoff. The races in the Austrian Empire were long held together by the Hapsburgs, but never were fused into unity, or even into effective union. They were so divergent in blood and language that probably they never could be fused. On the fall of that House they have been resolved into their elements. The natural union of the "German tribes" is far greater, but it has still to be proved whether they can remain united under a republican form.

The ancient monarchy of England long ago did its work, on this side of St. George's Channel, in producing the unity of the nation, and, ever since the Seventeenth Century, England itself might have existed as a republic. But our history resembles that of Rome. When the first work of monarchy had been accomplished a new and larger task was set for it by the expansion of the British Empire, and the monarchy became more than ever necessary as the formative centre of a world-wide society comprising peoples of many races and in every degree of civilization. May I be allowed to quote a passage from a book which I wrote nearly twenty years ago, since I cannot better, or perhaps so well, express my meaning now? *

* *Imperium et Libertas*. Published by Edward Arnold, 1901.

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There must be, indeed there visibly is, a rise in the importance of the Throne. In the Nineteenth Century the actual power of the Crown in connection with the internal affairs of the United Kingdom almost seemed to vanish, but during the same century the significance and influence of the Monarchy—its spiritual sovereignty, so to speak—has expanded in a vastly wider sphere. What it has lost in respect of domestic, it has gained, and far more also, in regard of imperial affairs. At present the direct relations of India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Africa and the rest, are with the Crown. It is not merely the symbol, but the real bond of unity. As, without the relation of each of its provinces to the Supreme Pontiff, the cosmopolitan and many-nationed Church which centres at Rome could not hold together, so, without the relation of each of its parts to the King, the British Empire would fall asunder and be dispersed. What, indeed, are English Cabinet Ministers to the princes of India? Not even names. How many among the Indian millions, or those other darker and barbarous millions who live behind the African Coast, have so much as heard of the existence of the British Parliament? Even Canadians and Australians, our own kinsmen, are but faintly interested in the struggles and questions of political parties here in England; they have their own affairs. And, conversely, how many men in England could recite the names of the present Prime Ministers of each Colony? But in all these lands, east and west, the holder of the Throne is to each man his own sovereign. A Real Presence, if one may so speak, makes itself felt throughout the world. An ordinary English nobleman goes out to India, or to Canada, or to Australia, and carries with him, such is the magic of imagination, the atmosphere of imperial majesty. It is not race, nor law, nor common language, nor similar institutions, nor religion, nor military force that holds together this strange aggregation of many races, many laws, many languages, many institutions and kinds of government, many religions, and strong peoples capable, if they choose, of achieving independence. The bond is not the British Parliament, it is not the British Cabinet, it is the Imperial Crown. To this central point all lines converge from all the ends of the earth. Ideas to rule men through imagination must be incarnate; and, if they are to rule great masses of men in every degree of civilization and intelligence, must be embodied in a form easily understood by the simplest through their experience of family life. There are not many Miltons in the world whose strength of imagination can clothe abstractions, and a Republic, like some forms of religion, is only suited to a few

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homogeneous peoples. England or Australia might be a Republic ; not so the British Empire.

I still adhere to this view, but now I ask myself, is it absolutely necessary that a monarchy should be hereditary in order that it should serve its purposes ? Can it not be an office for life, or a long term of years, based upon some mode of election ? Europeans must have been struck lately by the extremely monarchical character of the Presidency of the United States of America. The President, the "Chief Executive," appears in the light of a man who is king and prime minister in one person. In his despatches it is not the Government of the United States which "feels" or "considers," but the President. The style of Mr. Wilson is as personal as that of Napoleon. The American is not, as ours is, or has been, a parliamentary government, a government conducted by the Committee of members of the Legislature with a party leader as chairman. The ministers of the President are departmental secretaries, not even allowed by the Constitution to sit in Congress. If, as has recently happened, a general election results in a majority opposite to the party through which the President rose, this does not turn him out of office. In these respects the American Constitution more nearly resembles the old constitution of the German Empire than it does that of our country, but with the great difference that the Kaiser was born to his office and held it for life, while the President is elected for a term of four years by the whole nation. The founders of the American Republic were not abstract idealists like those who founded the brief French Republic at the Revolution, but practical Englishmen. They thought that George III governed England by corrupting Parliament through the presence of that body of placemen, his ministry, and for this reason they resolved to make a clear line of division between the Legislative and the Executive. The idea of a king who had no real power, and of a prime minister, had not as yet been clearly evolved in England, and was still less distinct to Americans who had formed

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their conceptions of English government upon a still earlier stage of development. The President, according to their ideas, was to take the place of an English king, with servants who were really his servants, but he was to hold office for a short term, and to be a wise man elected on his merits, by a select body of thoughtful electors themselves specially elected for that purpose. They did not in the least foresee that, while the form remained as they had made it, the President, in fact, would become a party leader elected by, virtually, the direct vote of an immense nation. It is precisely this change which has so immensely increased the real power of the President, and diminished the position of Congress. His power is greater far than that of any constitutional king, and greater also than that of a prime minister in a country like England or France, who depends upon keeping together a majority in Parliament and on carrying with him ministerial colleagues. President Wilson has been twice elected to his office by the whole American nation. Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister as the result of a Cabinet intrigue or dispute. It is true that the public opinion of the nation ratified the accomplished fact, but this vague procedure is a far less firm basis of power than that given by the American method. It would almost seem as if, since the days of George III, England has become, under monarchical form, a republic actually governed by a vaguely constituted committee, while America, under republican form, has become a real, although not hereditary, monarchy.

And yet—so powerful are forms over the imagination that King George V can speak of *my* people, *my* army, *my* navy, and we accept this as true, in a sense. President Wilson, though he is far more near to autocracy, cannot speak like this. Such is the difference between being born to be King and being elected to be President. King George was not elected King by the nation, he was accepted in right of birth. Thus there is still something resembling "divine right," or appointment by God the Creator, about the English monarchy, and this

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after the accession of each King is symbolized in an ancient and sublime religious rite, the most complete relic of Catholic centuries, the coronation in Westminster Abbey. This rite brings together at a solemn moment representatives of the whole Empire, men from east and west and north and south, of all races and languages. The glory and significance of the rite has expanded with the Empire. St. Augustine calls the Church the "sacrament of unity"; a coronation is the sacramental act of unity of a world-wide secular society.

But again meets us the question, Is it necessary that a monarchy should be hereditary in order that it may serve its purpose as a sacred centre of union? If hereditary monarchy is suited to a simpler and more child-like stage of the human mind, may not elective monarchy be suited to a more advanced stage of civilization? There have been two striking instances of elective monarchy. One is that of the Roman Empire. The Imperial Monarchy of Rome issued gradually out of republican institutions, and Rome, to its very end, continued a Republic in name and in theory, *Senatus Populusque Romanus*. The word Imperator meant military "Commander-in-Chief." The emperors were more like American presidents than kings. In principle, though a son sometimes succeeded to a father, they were no more rulers by right of birth than were the consuls, or those who held the office of pontifex under the Republic. The legal position of a Cæsar was that of one who held various offices at the same time, including that of Imperator, or Commander-in-Chief. The weakness of the system lay in the absence of any definite form of election. A new Emperor succeeded sometimes because he had been adopted, and associated in government, by his predecessor, and often because he had been proclaimed Imperator by the army, or by the stronger part of it. In all cases recognition by the Senate was deemed necessary, but it became a mere formality. The Senate recognized every claimant who possessed real

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military power, just as Parliament accepts the Prime Minister indicated by a General Election. Yet the Roman Emperors were not inferior in dignity and prestige to hereditary kings. The dignity attached itself to the office, and clothed the holder, even if he were, like some, of quite undistinguished origin. This was partly due to the religious sanction given by the State religion, the *religio romana*. There was a kind of deification on earth of the Emperor, and, after the conversion of Constantine, Christian sanctification was given to the throne.

The "Holy Roman Empire" of the later ages was based upon the same theory. The Emperor was elected by certain electors, themselves the chiefs of great states, and although at last the Empire became in practice hereditary in the House of Hapsburg, the form remained intact until the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Nor, in principle, were the thrones of England, France, Castile, or other countries purely based on the strict hereditary principle in the earlier Middle Ages, although the presumption was strongly in its favour and the practice gradually became fixed. The eldest son, as in the case of the sons of William the Conqueror, did not always succeed; and the succession was conditional. Before the assent of the leading men of the nation was given, the claimant of the throne had to swear to respect definite rights, and to rule justly, and was deemed liable to deposition if he did not observe his oath. If he made these promises he was accepted and homage was made to him; if he had refused to make them he would not have been accepted as king. This principle is preserved in the form of our medieval coronation rite, and that the hereditary right in England is not absolute was shown in practice by the deposition of Richard II and the setting aside in favour of Henry IV of the claim of the next heir to the throne, the young Earl of March, as clearly as it afterwards was shown in 1689 and again in 1714. This was the true principle of the Teutonic monarchies. From earliest times the chief or king

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was chosen from some heaven-descended family, the Ostrogothic Amals, or the Saxon sons of Odin, but he who was raised on the shield as king was not necessarily the eldest son. Among warrior northern nations it was necessary to select the man who could best lead the tribe in war. A *roi fainéant* is only possible in an advanced and settled civilization where the system or machine replaces leading personality. The Teutonic monarchy was thus based upon loyalty to a far-descended ruling race; the Roman Empire not on that, for rulers like Diocletian and Justinian and many others were of humble origin, but on the dignity of the office exalted by a religious sanction, whether pagan or Christian.

In this respect the position of the Roman Emperors resembled that of the holders of the great spiritual monarchy, the long line of the Popes, who rest entirely upon an elective foundation with religious sanction. Many of the Popes also have been men, like the late Pius X, of the most modest birth, but the dignity of their throne and person is not excelled by that of any hereditary monarch. Just as any American mother, even the humblest, can imagine that her son may become President of the United States, so any Catholic mother may imagine that her baby will become Pope.

Englishmen are, on the whole, well satisfied with their present hereditary throne, and with the family in which the succession is handed down by way of primogeniture. Very possibly this system will last as long as England. But as a matter of speculation, one can conceive a different method, corresponding with the evolution of the kingdom into the Empire. One can imagine a constitution under which, when a vacancy occurred in the position of "Chief Executive," a body of electors representing each of the great States of the Empire, United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, etc., should assemble and choose a successor. He could hold the office for life or for a fixed and rather long term of years, and could be inducted into it with the full religious rite now used in Westminster Abbey at

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coronations, and could reign not under his family name, but under a Christian name.

It is becoming clear that the supreme control of the common affairs of this great and diversified *orbis terrarum*, which we call the "British Empire," will pass into the hands of a central council representing all parts of the whole. It is so passing before our eyes. The United Kingdom (if it remains united, or England if it does not), will become more and more a central or metropolitan province, a kind of "home counties," and will cease to supply exclusively from its own domestic Parliament the men who manage the foreign, military, naval, colonial and Indian affairs of the Empire. The evolution of a distinct imperial cabinet, upon an imperial basis, has been immensely quickened by the events of the last four years, although it had begun earlier still. It will, before long, cease to be clear why the presidency of this Council should necessarily be vested in the Prime Minister who is leader of the temporary majority in the Parliament of a single province of the Empire, and owes his position to circumstances in which the rest of the Empire has no interest. Why should Mr. A. B., because he has overthrown his rival Mr. C. D. at a General Election fought in England over questions of education or trade union legislation and become Prime Minister, be necessarily at the head not only of the Government of the United Kingdom but of a Council or Cabinet representative of the whole Empire and dealing with its common affairs? Fifty years hence Canada alone may be more populous and wealthy than the United Kingdom. The natural president of such an Imperial Council would be the King-Emperor, who is independent of the politics of any particular province. Why not? Till Queen Anne, the sovereign presided at the meetings of his own counsellors and had the deciding voice, and it was by a kind of accident that the practice after this reign came to an end. The answer is that the English race has come to the conclusion, taught by experience, that an *hereditary* King must reign

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but not govern, because birth in a particular family is no guarantee of capacity or of morality.

Therefore, under cover of legal fictions, while representative and ceremonial dignity has been left to the King, all real power has been transferred to the Prime Minister, our Grand Vizier. It would be an interesting study to trace the slow rise of this official from his vague and unrecognized beginnings at the end of the Seventeenth Century to his glorious height in the reign of George V, when he at last even received social precedence, and actually became entitled to go down to dinner next after the Archbishop of Canterbury. The general result is that the ruling and representative functions which in America are combined in the President are here divided between two men, the Prime Minister and the King. It is an old legal axiom that "the King can do no wrong." It is an axiom more easy to apply to political matters when one perceives that the King can, virtually, do nothing. But the development of the Empire, as we have seen, has brought this difficulty out of the situation. It is unlikely that the chief of a party in the Parliament of one province should be permanently accepted as the head of a Council dealing with the affairs of the whole Empire. Yet it is also unlikely that an hereditary King can act as the real head of such a Council. To what conclusion are we then brought as to the probable future, not perhaps the near future?

The Council itself might elect its President from time to time, among its own members, and, as now, the representative and ceremonial functions might remain with the hereditary monarch, who might, or might not, be mentally and physically fit to discharge them well. Against the disadvantage of these hazards might be balanced the advantage attached to the prestige given by long descent from a line of kings by race, especially in the eyes of Indian and other hereditary princes. But this method is, as I have suggested, not the only way of meeting the difficulty. The monarchy might cease to

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be hereditary and become elective, the elective body being the Imperial Council, and in that case the future kings could be, like American presidents, real heads of that Government which will be concerned with the affairs not of these islands, but of the British Empire.

The English nation and race are still content with the arrangement by which governing headship is divided from ceremonial headship. They are content also with the hereditary character of the throne, and are loyal to the reigning family. One of Queen Victoria's grandsons, like the English Kings until the fall of the Stewarts, not only reigned, but was actually at the head of affairs. He has lost his throne and is in exile and peril. His cousin, another of her grandsons, is now the chief and virtuous representative of an Empire which has been both extended and intensified by the event of the war. The principle of monarchy, hereditary and divorced from actual power, may appear to have received benediction. No other kind of hereditary monarchy is left in the world unless it be in Afghanistan or Abyssinia. At the same time the general tendency appears to be against all that rests upon hereditary right, and even purely representative and ceremonial functions resting upon this basis may be in danger. On the other side of the account it may become necessary that the real headship of the supreme executive of the British Empire should be, not an English Prime Minister, who may owe his place to provincial party politics, or intrigues, but the King himself; and in this case he must be not an hereditary but an elective monarch. There is this advantage in having, like the United States of America, an elective instead of an hereditary "Chief Executive"—that his mind is not biassed by dynastic considerations. President Wilson could not be influenced by a Legend of the Wilsons, as Wilhelm II was fatally influenced by a Legend of the Hohenzollerns. He can see things with clear and objective vision, undimmed by mists of romance, or by family relations, and yet he

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is a real King, for the time being, of a country far greater than Germany.

The Head of the British Empire must be clothed with religious and ceremonial splendour not necessary to the Chief of the American Republic, because the British Empire contains races of every degree in the scale of civilization and mental development. Men live not by reason alone. The rite of coronation in Westminster Abbey, the surroundings given by ancient palaces, by military and court ritual, by historic words like "throne," "majesty," "sovereignty," by the titles of "king" and "emperor," all these accompaniments, these glories of imagination, are of high importance to the Imperial State. If the Empire's fate some day should involve the substitution of an elective for an hereditary monarchy, it would be seen that, if these honours were preserved, the British King and Emperor, though elected and not born to his office, would fill as large a place in the world's imagination as any monarch who ever existed.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS

EARLY in the spring of 1918 Henry Adams died in his Washington home facing the White House (over which his grandfather and great-grandfather had reigned), and was buried under the St. Gaudens monument he had erected in Rock Creek. In a manner he was a microcosm of American history, for what of history his family had not actually made, he had written or had watched. America knew him not, but he had known America; and his Autobiography stands in a class with that of Benjamin Franklin. He described it as "the education of Henry Adams," a process he seems to have abandoned in despair; but the reading of the book will give an American a European education and a European an American one. Not only did he synthesize in his person the American Republic, but his experiences at the American Legation in London during the Civil War revealed the mystery of Anglo-American relations; while his historical sense led him to grope for continuity between European mediævalism and American modernism. In a fascinating chapter entitled "The Dynamo and the Virgin" he realized some such possible sequence.

He belonged to the Nineteenth Century, yet all his life he struggled to find the formulas and philosophies that would meet the Twentieth. In despair he turned back to the Middle Ages, and there found such points of stationary value as Aquinas, Ecclesiastical glass, Our Lady. He wrote his study of Chartres and St. Michel as a European antiquarian and not as an American tourist. Perhaps it was proper for him to speak of himself in the third person when he made his queer confidences:

Adams had gone straight to the Virgin at Chartres and asked her to show him God, face to face, as she did for St. Bernard. She replied—kindly as ever, as though she were still the young mother of to-day—with a sort of patient pity for masculine

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dullness, "My dear outcast, what is it you seek? This is the Church of Christ. If you seek Him through me, you are welcome, sinner or saint; but He and I are one. We have little or nothing to do with God's other energies, which are infinite, and concern us the less because our interest is only in man, and the infinite is not knowable to man. Yet, if you are troubled by your ignorance, you see how I am surrounded by the masters of the Schools. Ask them!"

Henry Adams investigated the schools and found that, "Rid of man and his mind, the Universe of Thomas Aquinas seemed rather more scientific than that of Haeckel or Ernst Mach. Contradiction for contradiction, attraction for attraction, energy for energy, St. Thomas's idea of God had merits. Modern science offered not a vestige of proof, or a theory of connection between its forces, or any scheme or reconciliation between thought and mechanics, while St. Thomas at least linked together the joints of his machine."

Then he turned to the American machine, and perceived the absence of the Virgin. Even Virginia was not dedicated to her: "The force of the Virgin was still felt at Lourdes, and seemed to be as potent as X-rays; but in America neither Venus nor Virgin had ever value as force, at most as sentiment." In other words, America has never been pagan nor mediæval. Historical continuity lapsed: "Before this historical chasm a mind like that of Adams felt itself hopeless. He turned from the Virgin to the Dynamo. On the one side, at the Louvre and at Chartres, as he knew by the record of work actually done and still before his eyes, was the highest energy ever known to man, the creator of four-fifths of his noblest art exercising vastly more attraction over the human mind than all the steam engines and dynamos ever dreamed of. And yet this energy was unknown to the American mind. An American Virgin would never dare command . . ." The Puritans had made sex a sin instead of a strength, and the result was that "American art, like the American language and American education, was as far as possible

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sexless." American artists "felt a railway-train as power, yet they constantly complained that the power embodied in a railway-train could never be embodied in art. All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres."

Before he reached this conclusion, Henry Adams enjoyed an education extending intimately over two continents. It began at Quincy in New England Unitarianism. He was brought up to believe that "what had been would continue to be. He doubted neither about Presidents nor about Churches, and no one suggested at that time a doubt whether a system of society, which had lasted since Adam, would outlast one Adams more." Doubt, when it came, came from a child of Faith, an Irish gardener, who once said to the child, "You'll be thinking you'll be President too!" Even his father did not become President, though he saved the Union. Of him, his son wrote: "His mind was not bold like his grandfather's, or restless like his father's, but it worked with singular perfection, admirable self-restraint and instinctive mastery of form." It checked Palmerston, curbed Lord John Russell, and quelled Gladstone, during the vital period of the Civil War.

Henry Adams had studied both Northern and Southern types at Harvard. Seldom were they more deeply analysed:

The New Englanders were quietly penetrating and aggressively commonplace, free from meanness, jealousies, intrigues, enthusiasms and passions, not exceptionally quick, not consciously sceptical; singularly indifferent to display, artifice, florid expression, but not hostile to it when it amused them; distrustful of themselves, but little disposed to trust anyone else; with not much humour of their own, but full of readiness to enjoy the humour of others; negative to a degree that in the long run became positive and triumphant. Not harsh in manners or judgment, rather liberal and open minded, they were still as a body the most formidable critics one would care to meet in a long life exposed to criticism. They never flattered, seldom praised; free

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from vanity, they were not intolerant of it, but they were objectiveness itself. Their attitude was a law of nature, their judgment beyond appeal, not an act either of intellect or emotion or of will, but a sort of gravitation.

This was the type that was to stand up against the Southerner, and slay and be slain, for four long years. The son of the greatest of Southerners was at Harvard :

Lee was a Virginian of the Eighteenth Century . . . with liberal Virginian openness towards all he liked, he had also the Virginian habit of command and took leadership as his natural habit. No one cared to contest it. None of the New Englanders wanted command. For a year at least, Lee was the most popular and prominent young man in his class, but then seemed slowly to drop into the background. The habit of command was not enough, and the Virginian had little else. He was simple beyond analysis, so simple that even the simple New England student could not realize him. No one knew enough to know how ignorant he was, how childlike, how helpless before the relative complexity of a school. As an animal, the Southerner seemed to have every advantage, but even as an animal he steadily lost ground.

These paragraphs make interesting prelude to the Anglo-Saxon tragedy of the Civil War, and to the generation of misunderstanding which followed between England and America ; for the Englishmen whose character seemed described in that of the New Englanders were wholly in support of the Virginian. In so much that he was Anglo Saxon himself "Adams liked the Virginians." Both he and Lee were failures at Harvard. Lee took a commission in the army to fight the Mormons ; while Adams, at Lowell's suggestion, took intellectual flight to Berlin. One of the mysteries of this epoch was the American bias to Germany in preference to England : "They turned to Germany because at that moment Germany was neither economical nor military." Adams might have added in his case the recollection that his uncle, Minister Everett, had been hooted in Tractarian Oxford as a Unitarian. At Antwerp, on his way, he began education afresh before Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" : "He was only too happy to feel him-

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self kneeling at the foot of the Cross ; he learned only to loathe the sordid necessity of getting up again and going about his stupid business." It proved so stupid in Berlin that he attended one lecture and no more. A visit to Rome prevented him from being Germanized, at a time when Rome was still Papal and "the sandblast of science had not yet skinned off the epidermis of history." He met Garibaldi at supper, and, later, a singular Englishman, who "told of the shock he had just received, when riding near the Circus Maximus, at coming unexpectedly on the guillotine, where some criminal had been put to death an hour or two before. The sudden surprise had quite overcome him, and Adams . . . only by slow degrees grappled the conviction that the victim of the shock was Robert Browning." Adams realized that without Rome "the Western world was pointless and fragmentary ; she gave heart and unity to it all." He returned with mixed emotions rather than any education, chiefly because "Rome dwarfs teachers."

Into this Europe, which he saw dividing between the banker and the anarchist, he was thrown once more by the Civil War, which divided a country in which under Andrew Jackson, the arch enemy of the Adams family, Banking and Anarchy had been treated equally as enemies to the State. What befell America was much the same that was one day to befall Europe, so far as it "rolled several hundred thousand young men into the surf of a wild ocean all helpless, to be beaten about for four years by the waves of war." It was Henry Adams's fate to be taken by his father to share in the agony of London diplomacy. For an Adams he was not too young. His grandfather had accompanied old John Adams as a mature eleven-year-old Secretary on one of the most successful diplomatic journeys ever known. And John Quincy Adams in turn had gone to Russia taking Charles "a baby of two years old to cope with Napoleon and the Czar single-handed." Charles was now taking Henry to fight Palmerston and Russell, to say nothing of that Confederate-loving London against

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which four generations of Adams wrought. But they loved their hereditary enemy, and, fifty years later, Henry noted sadly "how the great city grew smaller as it doubled in size; cheaper as it quadrupled its wealth; less imperial as its empire widened; less dignified as it tried to be evil. He liked it best when he hated it."

It was Thackeray's London still; and Adams met Thackeray himself shortly before his death, and learnt that he had not lost his liking for the Virginians, for his "tone changed as he spoke of his friend Mrs. Frank Hampton, of South Carolina, whom he had loved as Sally Baxter and painted as Ethel Newcome." Her parents had not been allowed to pass the lines to see her before she died. Like the whole general public, "on quite insufficient evidence he burst into violent reproach." The belligerency of the South had been recognized by England, though the Adams family had sailed believing that "the slave States had been the chief apparent obstacle to good understanding," whereas their real position was that of a family "of early Christian martyrs, about to be flung into an arena of lions under the glad eyes of Tiberius Palmerston." Then followed the most wonderful chapter in Anglo-American relations, which is all the more interesting that it is described by an eyewitness, and that the volume of the Cambridge Modern History entitled *The United States* makes no mention of it at all. They found few friends and fewer champions for a cause they imagined would have touched the anti-slavery instincts of the British people to the quick. It is this attitude, so often apologized for, that Henry Adams ventures generously to explain: "The English mind took naturally to rebellion, when foreign, and it felt particular confidence in the Southern Confederacy because of its combined attributes, foreign rebellion and English blood!"

The Adams family had Bright and Cobden for champions, and brilliant friends like Monckton Milnes, whom Adams describes as "the good nature of London, the Gargantuan type of its refinement and coarseness,

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the most universal figure of May Fair." The Yorkshire and Lancashire men, the Quakers and dilettantes, were with the States in their fight for human liberty. Henry Adams had to write a separate chapter on "Eccentricity" to explain other Englishmen. He found the English mind "one-sided, eccentric, systematically unsystematic and logically illogical." On the other hand, "the American mind exasperated the European as a buzz-saw might exasperate a pine forest." Thackeray was not really a satirist, or Dickens extravagant. They described real types and related realities. Adams did no less when he heard Palmerston laugh, or the unfledged Swinburne recite. "The laugh was singular, mechanical, wooden, and did not seem to disturb his features. Each was a slow, deliberate ejaculation, and all were in the same tone. It was a laugh of 1810 and the Congress of Vienna. Adams would have much liked to stop a moment and ask whether William Pitt and the Duke of Wellington had laughed so, but young men attached to Foreign Ministers asked no questions at all and their chiefs asked as few as possible." And when they did and were snubbed, the public "thought it very amusing to see those beribboned and bestarred foreigners caught and tossed and gored on the horns of this jovial, slashing, devil-may-care British Bull." This reads like Dickens, no less than the account of a first sight of Swinburne, "a tropical bird, high-crested, long-beaked, quick-moving, with rapid utterance and screams of humour, quite unlike any English lark or nightingale. One could hardly call him a crimson macaw among owls, and yet no ordinary contrast availed." Henry Adams gradually realized that he had met genius at last, though he "felt the horror of Longfellow and Emerson, the doubts of Lowell, and the humour of Holmes, at the wild Walpurgis-night of Swinburne's talk." His lessons were becoming varied. He was taken to call on old Lord Lyndhurst, who had been born under the British Crown in Boston, and found with him old Lord Campbell, "both abusing old Lord Brougham." Literary taste he acquired from

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Sir Francis Palgrave, whose "superiority lay in his name which was Cohen, and his mind which was Cohen also, or at least not English." In the world of science he became the legatee of Sir Charles Lyell's field compass, and became, too, "a Darwinian, for fun." He undertook, in conjunction with the scientist, to explain his glacial theories to the Americans, though he thought Lyell's "guesses to explain glaciation were proof of nothing." Lyell was supporting Darwin by adducing Evolution and Uniformity in Geology, and incidentally "wrecking the Garden of Eden. Adams was ignorant enough to think that the glacial epoch looked like a chasm between him and a uniformitarian world. If the glacial period were uniformity, what was catastrophe?" At that time Darwin had a political interest in America. Just as his *Survival of the Fit* has been found lurking in Pan-Germanism, so his anthropological researches were being invoked to settle the questions whether the American negro was of kindred evolution with the white, or whether each was a separate creation. Thereon a war was being fought.

Meantime Adams and his father were fighting their very difficult part in the same war. Never were Anglo-American relations so complex, and yet, as the truth showed, never were English statesmen so simple. Adams survived the necessary forty years to read all the documents published in the *Lives* of Russell and Gladstone. Incidentally he learnt not to judge human nature, least of all the nature of Englishmen. At the time being, he felt "politics cannot stop to study psychology." Forty years after, he wrote: "All the world had been at cross purposes, had misunderstood themselves and the situation, had followed wrong paths, wrong conclusions, had known none of the facts." The American Legation had an obvious enemy in Lord Chancellor Westbury, whose "opinions on neutrality were as clear as they were on morality" in Bostonian eyes. In Gladstone these Americans felt they had a sensational and overt enemy, whose announcement that Jeff Davis had created

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a nation could be attributed either to his desire to be the first to say what the Cabinet were pondering, or to native madness. In Palmerston they felt the real enemy, and his laugh haunted Henry Adams all the days of his life. As for Russell, though he allowed the *Alabama* to escape, they decided to trust him. After the Gladstone speech Minister Adams interviewed Russell without the faintest suspicion of the truth that Gladstone was only expressing Russell's own policy of intervention in favour of the South. He "never knew more. He retained his belief that Russell could be trusted, but that Palmerston could not." When the letters of each were published Henry Adams confessed: "Russell wrote what was expected from Palmerston or even more violently, while Palmerston wrote what was expected from Russell, or even more temperately." It was Palmerston, though his right hand made no announcement of the policy of his left, to whom the credit is due for averting the super-tragedy of an Anglo-American war, and the history of the two countries is not complete without the testimony of Henry Adams:

Palmerston was simple, so simple as to mislead the student altogether, but scarcely more consistent. The world thought him positive, decided, reckless; the record proved him to be cautious, careful, vacillating. Minister Adams took him for pugnacious and quarrelsome; the *Lives* of Russell, Gladstone and Granville show him to have been good tempered, conciliatory, avoiding quarrels. He tried to check Russell. He scolded Gladstone. He discouraged Napoleon. Except Disraeli, none of the English statesmen were so cautious as he in talking of America. Palmerston told no falsehoods, made no professions, concealed no opinions; was detected in no double dealing. The most mortifying failure in Henry Adams's long education was that, after forty years of confirmed dislike, distrust and detraction of Lord Palmerston, he was obliged at last to admit himself in error.

The year after the escape of the *Alabama* came "the Battle of the Rams." It was a personal duel between Ministers Adams and Russell, who persisted in his view of the "nullity or fatuity of the Washington Government"

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—the German mistake of half a century later. The ironclads abuilding at Liverpool could only escape by what courtesy could only call "criminal negligence." Meantime the North was teaching the world the art of war: "Such development of power was unknown. The magnificent resistance and the return shocks heightened the suspense. During the July days Londoners were stupid with unbelief." So men might have written of a neutral capital in 1918. After Gettysburg Adams was in a position to deal with Russell: "Although Russell's hostile activity of 1862 was still secret, his animus seemed to be made clear by his steady refusal to stop the rebel armaments. Little by little Minister Adams lost hope. With the loss of hope came the raising of tone, until at last, after stripping Russell of every rag of defence and excuse, he closed by leaving him loaded with connivance in the rebel armaments, and ended by the famous sentence—'It would be superfluous to me to point out to your lordship that this is war!'"

To prevent war he declared war, and Russell apparently only yielded to that threat, for three days later Adams was informed that the Rams would not be allowed to sail. As a matter of fact, two days before Adams fired his last despairing shot, Russell had written to Palmerston to say that he had detained the Rams. Henry Adams can therefore sum him up as "feeble, mistaken, senile, but not dishonest," while he mentions the loudness of hilarity that would have rung through the Legation, had they seen Russell's letter begging the Admiralty to buy the Rams or foist them on the Turks! Equal amusement would have been caused by Lord Courtney's remark in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, that, "during the American War, Earl Russell's sympathies with the North restrained his country from taking sides in the contest." Such is history.

Henry Adams returned to America and found that he and his father were like so much "bric-à-brac from the time of Louis Philippe," as far as concerned the new America, forged in the four years' furnace of war. In

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fact he was only fitted to be "the oldest Englishman in England" whenever he should return to that country, like a wrinkled Tannhäuser to the Wartburg. The new America had no more place for him than for the Indian or the buffalo. In 1865 the United States turned over the chapter which Europe turned in 1870, just as she was to be three years late in turning over the next chapter. He took up his abode as a survival in Washington, and for fifty years watched the scene in a mirror of Shallott, polished for him by Monckton Milnes during his London apprenticeship. President Grant, greatest of generals, John Hay, greatest of statesmen, St. Gaudens, greatest of sculptors, Richardson, greatest of architects, pass like brilliant shadows. No meagre orbit was caught in the Adams glass. The ocean of American commonplace flowed by like a Milky Way, while only the greatest found refraction. In American life distinction is a miracle. The crown for recognition is too great for discernment, and even talent is, without luck, incoherent in the luminous mob. America supplies equally home and *humus* to the second best, but only to such as the above-mentioned did she supply scope and pinnacle. A thousand rivals perished comfortably on the lower slopes. To Grant she gave the greatest of Nineteenth-Century armies and a field to become its greatest general. American success is attained only by those who are both darling to the gods and worshipful to the folk. Henry Adams labelled himself failure in order to record those who became as gods. Richardson gave them a new architecture worthy of the American field. He designed Trinity Church in Boston and incidentally the Adams house in Washington. St. Gaudens made American sculpture an indestructible world-value and also wrought the Adams tomb—that Lady of Nirvana, which is perhaps his masterpiece, and in which Henry Adams saw that impersonal Virginal force which only the Church has been able to define and the Middle Ages to personify.

It has been pointed out that the White Lady that haunts

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the White House is the Senate—that the Presidential heritage entails war with the Senate. Grant was no match for politicians. In fact a “great soldier might be a baby politician.” His staff never knew why he succeeded. For long periods he was torpid before acting on the ideas of his staff with sudden and successful energy. When in action he was superb and safe to follow; only when torpid he was dangerous. His Presidency was largely torpidity. As a measure of his commonplace stupidity he remarked that Venice would be a fine city if it were drained. Adams thought him like Garibaldi: “The intellect counted for nothing; only the energy counted. The type was pre-intellectual, archaic.” Under such types returned from the trenches, America worked out her history in chapters which Adams labelled “Free Fight” or “Chaos.” During that period he only learnt the literary lesson that “ten pages of advertising made an editor a success; five marked him as a failure.”

Not till the end of the century did American history begin to fashion itself upon some continuous design, and the right designer, when the time came, was John Hay. Close stood Adams to Hay, and Hay's success was his success. Then arose the long sought unity of purpose and fixity with the historical past when America entered into world-power and against the bucking of the Senate into world-combination. Hay was the first American statesman who came to the policy of clenching his fist toward Germany and opening it toward England. Yet he had hoped to bring Germany into his Atlantic combine and sniffed impossibility only from inert Russia. Much had been prefigured in the 'eighties, when one Leary of the American Navy ran his ship between the German *Adler* and the Samoan village she was about to shell, and Blaine cabled that “Bismarck's irritability was not the measure of American rights.” During the war with Spain, Germany ground her teeth. The news of Spain's defeat reached Adams and Hay, then Ambassadors in England, in an English country-house, and “never

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since the battle of Hastings could the little telegraph office of the Kentish village have done such work." In his mirror Adams saw "the climax of Empire approaching as though Sulla were a President and McKinley a Consul." This was an advance of the archaic Grant. The Boer War came; for, as history was teaching Adams (and he had no reason to think otherwise before his death), man is a man-slaughtering animal. The Boer War ruffled his mirror in so much as it made "the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain exceedingly un-American and terribly embarrassing to Hay." Hay became the pivot of Anglo-American relations, an amateur among professional politicians, whom President Harrison set aside from office because "there is no politics in it." McKinley had finer judgment of men and he made him Secretary of State, an office which "exists only to recognize the existence of a world which Congress would rather ignore." Hay set to work to struggle against the German Holleben and the Russian Cassini, who could always stop action in the Senate by using the American Press to appeal to the public against the Government! The Irish-Americans joined in the struggle, but, "thanks to their sympathetic qualities never made lasting enmities; but the Germans seemed in a fair way to rouse ill will." There are some consistencies in history: "Hay had no ally abroad or at home except Pauncefote; and Adams always maintained that Pauncefote alone pulled him through." Once America was launched into world-politics, the crisis might come anywhere. It came at Peking, "yet the fall of China was chiefly studied in Paris and London as a calamity to Chinese porcelain." It was during the Boxer crisis that Hay "put Europe aside and set the Washington Government at the head of civilization so quietly that civilization submitted." And, as again in our own times, "History broke in halves." The Adams mirror was lucent to the future. Ten years before the great war its watcher wrote: "Paris still felt a subtle flattery in the thought that the last tragedy of gods and men would surely happen

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there . . . Paris coquetted with catastrophe . . . faced it almost gaily as she had done so often, for they were acquainted since Rome began to ravage Europe." Adams saw with Hay that "either Germany must destroy England and France, or she must pool interests." For a time Hay and McKinley tried to persuade the Kaiser to "join what might be called the Coal-Power combination rather than build up a Gunpowder combination by merging Germany in Russia." It was what Adams called "McKinleyism, the system of combination, consolidations, trusts, realized at home and realizable abroad." It was to be for another President to realize a League or Trust of Nations which should include both England and America, the irreconcilables of the 'sixties. As it was, one of Hay's triumphs is described as "inducing the Senate to permit Great Britain to renounce, without equivalent, treaty rights which she had for fifty years defended tooth and nail!"

Apart from the real history stored in this book, there is a perpetual charm arising from the effort to express Americans in mediæval and therefore historical terms. St. Gaudens, for instance, was "a survival of the 1500; he bore the stamp of the Renaissance and should have carried an image of the Virgin round his neck or stuck in his hat like Louis XI. St. Gaudens was a child of Benvenuto Cellini smothered in an American cradle." And when Langley, the derided father of the aeroplane, explained to Adams the new forces in science he felt that "Radium denied its god or—what was to Langley the same thing—denied the truths of his science. The nearest approach to the revolution of 1900 was that of 310, when Constantine set up the Cross. The rays that Langley disowned were occult, supersensual, irrational; they were a revelation of mysterious energy like that of the Cross; they were what in terms of mediæval science were called immediate modes of the divine substance." As in turn diplomacy, politics, and science failed his quest for education, Adams turned more surely to the Middle Ages; and the deliverance of mediæval monu-

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ments in France by the force of American arms must have seemed to him in some measure a historical reconciliation between the Virgin and the Dynamo !

SHANE LESLIE.

"PARDON, JEANNE!"

IF the French, in mid-war, promised a Church, worthy of her, in honour of the Blessed Jeanne d'Arc, should the allied cause be victorious, then the promise remains to be redeemed. Throughout the terrible struggle on the Western Front there has been a continual subconscious sense of the Maid's presence and mission. The martyrdom of Rheims (the scene of her brief earthly glory), the memory of that old fight for the liberation of France in which she figured so simply and so splendidly, these and other associations have touched the imagination of even her ancient foes, and as an English regiment filed past her statue, on entering a French town, man after man saluted it with a chivalrous "Pardon, Jeanne!" In the realm of literature too, the English have already amply atoned for their very natural part in the Maid's tragedy, for Jeanne has had her admirers and defenders among men of letters in both England and America for a good century.

In the last decade or two of years, we have had lives of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bernard, St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Francis Xavier, by writers who too evidently are outside the atmosphere of their subjects. It is impossible for our Saints to be understood by those who have not shared in their fullness of Life, who have not known Christ in the breaking of bread. The bare facts may be carefully accurate, but the interpretation is often far afield, and the letter killeth, where the spirit quickeneth not. In the case of Jeanne, however, the true artist has his own privilege. He has been allowed to look, if not to live, within that sacred inner sanctuary where saints are fashioned, and to apprehend with the poet's instinct what the mere scholar may miss. "Two strong angels stand by the side of history," writes Jeanne's first Protestant apologist, De Quincey, "as heraldic supporters; the angel of research on the left hand that must read millions of dusty parchments blotted with lies; and the angel of meditation on the

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right hand that must cleanse those lying records with fire and must quicken them with regenerate life.” More than “two angels of meditation,” by a strange irony of history, have appeared in the English-speaking world to interpret this shining figure, sometimes, it would seem, disparaged and misunderstood by certain academic judges in her own country :

“ But that is the modern method [writes Mr. Chesterton, of Anatole France’s *Jeanne d’Arc*], the method of the reverent sceptic. When you find a life entirely incredible and incomprehensible from the outside, you pretend that you understand the inside. M. France read M. France’s nature into Joan of Arc—all the cold kindness, all the homeless sentimentalism of the modern literary man. . . . As Anatole France, on his own intellectual principle, cannot believe in what Joan of Arc did, he professes to be her dearest friend and to know exactly what she meant. I cannot feel it to be a very rational way of writing history, and sooner or later we shall have to find some more solid way of dealing with those spiritual phenomena with which all history is as closely spotted and spangled as the sky is with stars. Joan of Arc is a wild and wonderful thing enough, but she is much more sane than most of her critics and biographers. We shall not recover the common sense of Joan until we have recovered her mysticism. . . . Her war succeeded because it began with something wild and perfect—the saints delivering France. She put her idealism in the right place, and her realism also in the right place ; we moderns get both misplaced. She put her dreams and her sentiments into her aims, where they ought to be ; she put her practicality into her practice. . . . Our dreams, our aims, are always, we insist, quite practical. It is our practice that is dreaming. It is not for us to interpret this flaming figure in the terms of our tired and querulous culture. Rather we must try to explain ourselves by the blaze of such fixed stars.

Andrew Lang was one of the most industrious of Jeanne’s defenders. Apart from his chivalrous tribute to her in that enthusiastic fantasy, *A Monk of Fife*, he has spared no pains in his research for authority to prove her innocent heroism, and he adds his evidence to her character as a child of the Church : “ There is no basis for the Protestant idea that Jeanne was a

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premature believer in Free Thought and the liberty of private opinion. She was as sound a Catholic as a man or woman could be in matters of faith ; she was only forced by injustice into maintaining her freedom in matters of fact, of personal experience.”

Although sculpture and painting have been pressed into the service of the Maid, there has been a certain dissatisfying unreality in most of these achievements. One of the countrymen of the Maid of Lorraine, impatient at the fancy of idealized statues and pictures of the peasant girl, boasted that he would paint a true Jeanne. In the Metropolitan Museum of New York hangs the famous painting by Bastien-Lepage which is not only a faithful portrait by one who understood his subject, but which is a curiously interpretative work of art. In its details the work may be unpleasing to one not in sympathy with the extreme impressionist manner, but the central figure compensates for any artistic annoyance and is to me a revelation. It somehow explains Jeanne. She is essentially a peasant, strong-boned, awkward perhaps ; the wrists are thick, and there is a hint of thick ankles under the heavy homespun skirt. A bodice is crookedly laced over a coarse white chemisette, and the entire figure, clumsy but modest, breathes the very spirit of toil. Above the firm column of neck is the fine outline of jaw, a strong, sweet mouth—good sensible features all ; but over these and under the wide brow, from which the hair is carelessly drawn back into an ungraceful knot, is the essence and meaning of herself and her mission, the wonderful vision of the eyes. Just as Leonardo's sphinx-like Lady Lisa seems to draw all outward life into the dim recesses of her own observant mind, and throw the picture of it into her enigmatic smile, so, in contrast, this simple child of the soil looks quite out of herself into the region of things spiritual, unworldly and eternal. On her innocent soul the divine inspiration falls unimpeded by mists of self and sin. To her attentive ear come the whisperings of those voices which were the messengers of the divine

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will. It would be impossible to describe the peculiar self-detached attitude or to exaggerate the luminous clarity which Lepage has put into the eyes. They are not especially beautiful eyes—pale, wide, with no effects of shadows or any touch of earth to enhance them, they hold nevertheless the expression which we recognize as that of an elect and virginal soul. The whole figure seems to radiate innocence. It embodies in colour what De Quincey so reverently painted in words :

The poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that, like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration rooted deep in pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings . . . She was a girl of natural piety that saw God in forests and hills and fountains, but did not the less seek Him in chapels and consecrated oratories. The peasant girl was self-educated through her own natural meditateness . . . It is not necessary to the honour of Joan, nor is there in this place room to pursue her brief career of action. That, though wonderful, forms the earthly part of her story ; the spiritual part is the saintly passion of her imprisonment, trial and execution.

It would seem as if this strange little northern champion* of the Blessed Maid had, with Catholic and prophetic instinct, beatified her unofficially in his own musings. Even to those who ignore the religious inspiration of her mission, how unique and wonderful must be her position in history ! There has just been Agincourt and its splendid hero, and the thrilling lines of Shakespeare’s “ O God of battles, steel my soldiers’ hearts,” stir in memory at the mere mention of the name. There has been the overwhelming triumph, the humiliating Treaty of Troyes, the fleur-de-lys quartered with the English arms—and then, opposed to the heroic figure of Henry V, the humble peasant of Domrémy, keeping her father’s sheep and spinning her mother’s flax, and leading a life of piety and toil ; then suddenly appearing at the head of an army and

* “ My very own Thomas de Quincey.”—Francis Thompson.

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leading men to certain victory and the coronation of their rightful King, when this child was only seventeen. The brain reels at the swift miracle of it all—nor must we be too hard on the angry enemies who called her sorceress for such magical success. It is like a tale of impossible adventure, yet very simple and human is the Maid in the midst of it, making the history of her military tactics and acute knowledge of situations all the more striking.

It is worth while to quote in this connection part of the account of the taking of Les Tourelles as described in Andrew Lang's *Maid of France*. It helps us to enter into the wonder of the thing, and in the light of recent events we are now more keenly interested in this strange, quick campaign, with its strategy, its swift assault, its restrained waitings, the order and discipline of it all, under the leadership of an unlettered country girl. We read in an earlier chapter that “ The Maid always bore her standard when in action, that she might strike no man with the sword. She never slew any man with the sword.” The taking of Les Tourelles she acknowledges “ gave me much more to do, more than I ever had yet ” :

At sunrise on May 7th, Jeanne heard Mass. The attack began early in the morning . . . and well the English fought, for the French were scaling at once in different places, in thick swarms, attacking on the highest part of their walls, with such hardihood and valour that to see them you would have thought they deemed themselves immortal. But the English drove them back many times and tumbled them from high to low, fighting with bow-shot and gunpowder, with axes, lances, bills and leaden maces, and even with their fists . . . Ladders were rising, men were climbing them ; the ladders were overthrown, or the climbers were shot, or smitten, or grappled with and dashed into the fosse ; while the air whirred to the flight of arrows and bolts, and the smoke rose sulphurous from the mouths of guns. The Standard of the Maid floated hard by the wall till, about noonday, a bolt or arrow pierced her shoulder plate as she climbed the first ladder, and the point passed clean through the armour and body, standing out a hand's breadth behind. She shrank and wept, says her con-

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fessor. Probably her place in the front rank was not long empty. There she stood under her banner and cried on her French and Scots ; but they were weary and the sun fell, and men who had said that “ in a month that fort could scarce be taken,” lost heart as the lights of Orleans began to reflect themselves in the waters of the Loire . . . “ Doubt not ; the place is ours,” called the clear, girlish voice. But Dunois held that there was no hope of victory this day ; and he had to sound the recall, and gave orders to withdraw across the river to the city . . . “ But, then ” (continues Dunois) “ the Maid came to me, and asked me to wait yet a little while. Then she mounted her horse and went alone into a vineyard, some way from the throng of men, and in that vineyard she abode in prayer for about a quarter of an hour. Then she came back, and straightway took her standard into her hands and planted it on the edge of the fosse. . . . The English, seeing the wounded witch again where she had stood from early morning, “ shuddered, and fear fell upon them,” says Dunois. His language is Homeric.

Then follows the stirring recital of the onslaught, upon the command of the maid to enter ; the complete victory of the French, the loss to a man of the sturdy English who fell into the moat and were drowned by the weight of their heavy armour :

Steel, fire, water had conspired against them. Jeanne saw this last horror of the fight. She knelt, weeping and praying for her enemies and insulters. The joy bells of Orleans sounded across the dark Loire, lit with red flames . . . She had kept her word, she had shown her sign, and the tide of English arms never again surged so far as the City of St. Arguan. The victory, her companions in arms attest, was all her own. They had despaired, they were in retreat, when she, bitterly wounded as she was, recalled them to the charge. Within less than a week of her first day under fire the girl of seventeen had done what Wolfe did on the heights of Abraham, what Bruce did at Bannockburn. She had gained one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world.

Some features of the conflict now past, and crowned with a victory almost undreamed of in its terrific completeness, recall that other heroic epoch of French history in some of its spiritual aspects. At the first Battle of the Marne, Kitchener was heard to exclaim : “ Some-

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one has been praying.” Was it the intercession of those exiled nuns driven from France to the kindly shores of England which helped to gain that first strange victory in the beloved country from which they were torn but not estranged ? Is it perhaps England’s hospitality to these consecrated ones which won her a welcome in Bethlehem on the Christmas Day of 1917, when all was dark, and the taking of Jerusalem came to the Allies like a smile of God in the night ? In the perspective of events since the French Revolution, this might easily be so. In any case, the English warriors had many a grateful beadswoman of whose existence they were ignorant.

But although prayer was deep in the hearts of the people and made the background of every passing victory or escape from imminent danger, anyone who followed attentively the outward currents of life, and who could notice, for instance, the tone of the English press as the public expression of feeling, could not but be struck by the absence of all *creaturely* attitude. Self-reliance, human courage, a belief in British integrity and ultimate invincibility—and then when the black moment came the heroic effort to meet the need by sheer grit—all these were splendid exhibitions of national and natural virtue. But there was never a word about our dependence upon God. Then suddenly there came a change, welcome to those who had long and anxiously looked for it. Column after column appeared in the daily papers of appeals for prayer, of reminders of our human limitations and conditions, of our powerlessness without the Divine assistance. And the country responded with an almost audible sigh of relief. There ensued not a day of appointed prayer, but an atmosphere of prayer, and a distinct attitude of dependence.

And attitude makes all the difference. It would seem as if this was what was wanting, for as soon as the note of the Miserere was struck in public utterance, help came in a signal and unmistakable way. The Man of the Hour, the darkest hour in European history,

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stood suddenly revealed, and by universal consent was appointed to the supreme command of the Allied Armies ; chosen by men because of his unique military genius, but Divinely pre-destined to be the saviour of his country because he was humble enough and simple enough to bear his almost miraculous success without taking God's glory for his own. A man of prayer, a daily communicant, a soldier whose Catholic principle had been more to him than any worldly promotion, he stood aside from himself and let God live and work through him, and the end was achieved with the magnificence that belongs to all God's unimpeded workings. In the accomplishment of that end let us grant the full meed of praise to the heroic sacrifices of four years of strain and persistence. Human valour held the seas and defended threatened territory with an enduring determination beyond all measure. But just as in the time of Jeanne there came a crisis when it seemed as if France were lost to her own children and in that awful moment deliverance came, so in the tense months of suspense between the collapse of Russia and the coming of United States troops, when England was spent with her superhuman effort and France was bleeding to death, when the German hordes were pouring in from the East to the Western Front, when to those who could not still hope and believe, all seemed lost, in that hour of possible catastrophe, the Allies realized the meaning of those words of the great Marshal Foch : “ Prayer has saved the Allies before in this deadly struggle and it will save them again.”

In this war of high averages, where most men are heroes and all are brave, one asks what it is that has raised this officer to such undisputed and ungrudged eminence and ascendancy ? For Foch does not seem to challenge jealousy. There is but one title to such unique prestige as his : it is the supernatural character of the man, his spiritual dominance, his detachment. On the face of history it will be written that the superb strategy of the Generalissimo saved the final situation,

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but on the lips and deep in the heart of this humble instrument of the Divine Will are other words, those that show the right to conquest : *Non nobis Domine non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*. And even before the splendid reinforcement in men and spirit that came in a wave of enthusiasm from the New World, the victory of the Allies was assured. All the rest counted and helped, but the turn of the tide was due to the supernatural. Once more the motto of France's deliverance was that of the Maid, *De Par le Roy du Ciel*.

And so too the explanation of Joan is simple enough. God intended France to be, not a vassal, but a country complete in herself and He chose a selfless instrument for the most difficult part in the accomplishment of this design. Power is made perfect in infirmity ; and in the unspoilt grace of her meek and radiant girlhood there was no impediment to the Divine Will, she knew her place, her work was official, and if there had not been the burning at Rouen, there would have begun again the old shepherdess life at Domrémy. The storming of a citadel and the keeping of her father's sheep were equally in the day's work of God's appointment. She might have shirked the difficult task. She certainly had her natural shrinkings, but there was in her something stronger than herself. That gentle girl was a very shrine of the Gifts of the Holy Spirit. She is only hard to understand because her life is on supernatural lines from first to last, while her soft natural girlishness reminds us how human a thing and feminine Jeanne was. And so prompted by the divine inspiration she accepted her difficult mission—the toil of it, the passing glory of it, the ensuing shame and pain of it, and the final consummation of her poor earthly frame. How splendid in the perspective of history is the pathetic figure in the dreadful burning ! Who would have it otherwise ? Theology and art accept it as the apotheosis of the Maid, the glorious failure of the earthly part. Throughout her dramatic career there was never a moment's pose or pretence. What faults she committed were never of

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pride, but of some passing timidity or weakness, in short, wild hunted moments, like the leaping from the Tower of Beaurevoir, and that wearied assent to her persecutors after she had plaintively begged for the Life-giving Sacrament and had been refused its strength. She was ever human and we love to think of her, not riding triumphantly across the bridge at Orleans, or standing with her victorious banner beside the crowned King at Rheims, but crying meekly from her throne of smoke and flame, “ Jesus ! Jesus ! ” forgiving those who indeed knew not what they did, gentle and feminine to the last.

And since her solemn Beatification in 1909, we may not sit in judgment on her even if we would. The Maid has sustained the ordeal of her last earthly tribunal and is beyond the reach of speculation. She is authoritatively declared to have passed from the Church Militant (and such indeed it was to her) to the Church Triumphant. But even now in this later hour of victory, her work is not completed. It is time for her to look again to the lilies of France in the hearts of her young children ; to enthrone another King, not in the ancient seat of earthly sovereigns, blighted and blasted in this fearful war, but in the ranks of all who hail as Mother her who is the eldest daughter of the Church. Look to your fleur-de-lys even now, holy Jeanne, in this hour of France's earthly triumph !

It is indeed part of her unfinished work to bring back to the Government of Christian-hearted France her old inheritance of faith. If the fruit of temporal blessings was garnered in her own time and is ready for garnering now, surely there is a richer spiritual harvest at hand for her country's greater need. That death was rich enough in pain for plentiful grain, for never was martyrdom more prolonged and forlorn. Her dereliction was piteous indeed. The desolation of misunderstanding, the maidenly quiverings from protracted insult, the weary waiting in captivity of this child of air and sun and freedom, the human dread of torture and death ; the unutterable longing for the sacraments

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which were denied her in her character as witch ; the vague alarm and suspense, the darkness of it and its nameless horrors encompassed her with a cloud of terror. But the anguish had its hour, and when at last the Bread of Life was given her, she arose, strong in the memory of another Passion, and went forth in meek submission to meet her flaming death. That was her fitting end. There was more of fire than earth in Jeanne—for her there was to be no slow decay, no humiliating dissolution. From the charred and tortured body the heroic spirit issued, flame from flame.

L. WHEATON.

THE NUN'S TALE

*(The Journal kept at the beginnings of the Great War
By a Sister of Notre Dame.*)*

WEDNESDAY, July 29, 1914.—Declaration of War by Austria against Serbia.

Thursday, July 30.—Rumours of the war are about. Sister Superior, on the advice of the Dean, will hold the distribution of prizes earlier by some days.

Friday, July 31.—All the Dutch parents come to take their little girls home. A dull distribution of prizes.

Saturday, August 1.—The men of the last class march at four in the morning. Nevertheless we have no fear for our dear Belgium. The call to arms is simply a measure of prudence in case our neutrality should be threatened.

Sunday, August 2.—Our schoolgirls are all gone. The priest who came to give us Benediction tells us that the German troops are on the march, and that the neutrality of the Grand Duchy has been violated. In our town there is some talk of blowing up the great bridge. All mere alarmist rumours, we think.

Monday, August 3.—All the schools and colleges in the town invaded by parents to the rescue of their boys and girls. In our own convent it was an avalanche of fathers and mothers, a tumult. The cry is that the Germans are upon us. General mobilization, war, war! Towards nine o'clock we are warned that communication with Liège and Holland is cut off, and that the last train is leaving. There is a huge rush for it. In the night we hear the formidable noise of the blowing up of one part of the bridge. It was heard as far as Liège.

Tuesday, August 4.—What will this day bring us? Terror is everywhere. At six o'clock the Priest comes to

*Of the convent of Visé, a small Belgian town near the frontiers of both Germany and Holland. The garrison of Visé temporarily barred the first passage of the Germans into France by destroying the bridge across the Meuse.

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say Mass for us. We all receive Holy Communion, and pray for our country. Immediately after the Consecration, the roar of explosion came again. The other part of the bridge had been blown up. During the Communion of the Priest a herald was heard making the round of the streets, calling every man to the trenches. One hour later we know finally that Belgium is violated, and that the Germans are close on Visé. A little later still, a gentleman knocks at our convent gate to tell us that the Prussians are in the town. Here they come, in close order, sabres drawn. The people are in their cellars. Halted by the destruction of the bridge which was their hope of a way to France, the Germans fall in some numbers under our guns trained on them from the forts. More and more of the enemy pass before our windows. An enemy officer calls, and orders us to leave the house, for Visé is to be bombarded. Two German Sisters speak to him ; he is delighted to hear them speak, and goes off. Most of the Sisters follow the crowd of citizens towards the heights. Sister Superior and a few others remain. The German officer returns to tell us that the general has changed his mind, and there will be no bombardment. We are bantered, but we don't mind. Two of our forts are making a deafening noise. People are coming back to their lodgings. More soldiers have come to us. We go down into our cellar with one little lantern. The one lay teacher who did not go away from Visé in time is with us. But we have no children left, and we fear nothing.

Wednesday, August 5.—Four forts are doing execution on the enemy. These forts are three leagues away. The enemy, unable to pass on, are now increased in numbers and filling the town. They are trying to build a bridge at Navagne strong enough for their heavy artillery. The enemy is pillaging, especially wines and liquors. The Burgomaster, the lawyers, shopkeepers, all are compelled to go to work to fill up the trenches just made and generally to smooth the roads for the enemy. For the German general has decided to storm the forts

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with all their guns and ladders and cars. We hear afterwards that they lost heavily. Our Belgians had dug trenches on that road nine metres deep, and after the failure of the enemy's assault those trenches were found full of the bodies of poor Germans.

Thursday, August 6.—A great battle at Argenteau, Cherette, and Hermalte. The Belgians, one to fifty, fought well, but the ground is covered with our wounded. The Dean comes to request us to take in wounded, and people of the town in danger or terror. He has some thirty in his house every night. Sister Superior hesitates a little, but finally says yes. The Dean promises her none but "nice people"! So we run up the Red Cross flag. A little later the Mayor's son orders us to fly the white flag—the whole town has now to do so. A leading unarmed civilian has been cruelly put to death, riddled with shot and both legs broken. He was found in a hole, and received the sacraments before he died, fully forgiving. On pain of the same penalty, owners of aeroplanes, cars, carriages, and carts are ordered to bring these without exception to the Town-hall.

Friday, August 7.—A reign of terror. The enemy is still thronging into this congested town, now treated entirely as a conquered belligerent place.

Saturday, August 8.—The Vicar comes at five to give us Mass and Communion. He had spent the whole night with the wounded. During the morning comes the father of our little acolyte. He had spent three days and two nights in the transport of the wounded between Wandre and Liège. He asked one unfortunate German who had just undergone an operation what refreshment he could take. The reply was a request for a glass of milk. So our Belgian bethought him that he had seen some cows driven into waste land near by. Off he went to milk a likely cow, brought a big bowlful to the German. A servant-maid of ours who had fled from Visé with her people comes back from Liège where the Germans, pillaging on their way, are expected. Other fugitives are returning. The fire of our forts continues, and the

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enemy is pushing on his bridge-building. At night we can see the gleams of villages on fire. The villagers are all in flight towards hospitable Holland. The Germans are in Liège.

Sunday, August 9.—What a night! The forts active. The Dean, who came early to say Mass, tells us that the son of M. ——— has been found in the wood of Savolay, shot dead with his hands tied behind him. He was seventeen years old. Mgr. Bovens also brought us sad news. At Liège the Bishop, the Governor, the Mayor, and ten others waited on the German general, with a petition that the lives and property of their city be spared. The answer they received was detention as "hostages," locked in a small room with no seats but a box or two. Here they remained for seven hours, when a rough voice called: "Bischoff von Lüttig!" (Liège). He was taken before the general who, after a sketch of apology, told him he was free. "And my companions?" asked the Bishop. The reply was "No." He was placed between two brutes of Germans in a car and dropped at his palace. The Canons urged him to leave the city, for fear of hardships for his age (seventy-four), but he held that the shepherd should stay with his flock. Mgr. Boven tells us also that the chaplain of the Sisters of Hope was killed by a stray shot. We send what fruit we have to the wounded.

Monday, August 10.—The firing from the forts is incessant. The Vicar, who came to say Mass for us at five, had spent the night with the wounded. We passed it as usual in the cellar. All our townsmen are ordered by the Germans to be indoors from eight to six the next morning, on pain of death. No light is to be seen. We have hidden the sanctuary lamp. We are all so afraid of the enemy—we do what he tells us. We have had no bread for two days, for no yeast is to be had, and the bread we tried to make without it is uneatable. Sister Superior said to a German, "You have taken all our bread—we have none." The man went straight to a baker who had been ordered to supply the enemy,

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and brought us some. He even wished to pay for it, but this we would not allow. So there are good fellows even among the Boches. One of our Sisters, coming home from the garden, passed through a number of Germans lounging and lying about in the Church square; they all saluted her. A German soldier called on our neighbour to buy some oats for the enemy's horses. While his cart was being loaded he caught sight of a woman who held a babe in her arms, while two little children clung to her skirts. The man took the little one, kissed him fondly, and gave him back saying, "I have nine children. I had to leave them and their mother. Oh, we didn't want this war!" At one o'clock this same day we hear that the church tower is to be blown up. They say it has been used for signalling to the forts. Everyone is ordered away. After half an hour's terror, comes the great detonation. The tower still stands, but pierced with holes and rents; it leans, and a little smoke puffs out; then flames; then the nave is on fire, and then the choir: a splendid structure, built by the daughter of Charlemagne, St. Bertha, and consecrated by Pope Leo the Third. All necessary restorations had been admirably carried out according to the original plans, the Government bearing a great part of the cost. All this laid low in an hour or two! Those liars, who had professed to destroy the tower only, had deliberately set it on fire by means of bombs. The Dean had taken refuge in the hospital, so that he might not see the fall of his tower, but they ran to tell him that the whole building was in flames. He ran to save the Blessed Sacrament and brought it to our chapel. He was sobbing. So indeed was I. We were thinking of the unforgettable glories of the festival of St. Hadelin, held there but a few months ago. This same afternoon Sister Superior and another Sister went to Mgr. Boven to receive instructions in case of still graver disasters. While the flames were burning, the sacristan, with the help of one or two men, managed to bring away the Stations of the Cross and two splendid Twelfth-Century

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pieces—the bust and shrine of St. Hadelin. Word is brought us that all church towers and all factory chimneys are to be blown up. Our house stands very high and we are anxious. During the evening three cars loaded with German wounded pass our windows, and then a huge lorry full of dead in sacks. At four o'clock down come the immense chimneys of the cement and sugar factories. At six, Sister Superior is assured that we need not fear for to-night. The Sister who has charge of the linen, however, has asked leave to make ready a little bundle for each of the sisters in view of the chance of our having to fly. I asked leave to take some valuable things from the chapel, but Sister Superior would not allow it. She bade us to trust altogether to Providence. On the same evening, a loud knock and ring. A regiment is filling the street. An officer, whose manners are of an incomparable impertinence, asks for the Superior, but will not name his errand. She is summoned, and the officer informs her that he is to take her and another Sister in custody as hostages. The three divisions of the town are to be thus represented, and our division is the most important in population. The Sisters are allowed to take a covering for the night. The Dean and the Mayor depart to their captivity, escorted by a platoon with drawn swords. They were placed in a neighbouring farm, known as the farm of the Three Kings, and kept under observation, to be shot on any attempt to escape. They said the rosary together, and lay down for the night upon sparse straw.

Tuesday, August 11.—We have had the happiness of Mass and Communion in our house. The first note comes from Sister Superior, censored by her gaolers; also notes from the Dean and the Mayor. In these letters the hostages ask for food. The Dean assigns all his authority to the Vicar, directing him to make certain important dispositions as to public worship, so that the congregations accustomed to attend Mass in the church (now in ashes) may have services within easy reach. A certain number are to be admitted to our own chapel.

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A public letter has been read from the Dean enjoining peace and quiet throughout the town. More and more enemy regiments pour in, evidently for the building of the bridge at Navagne. We notice that our house is guarded; so is the Mayor's. The maid-servant of the neighbouring presbytery finds six Germans enjoying a meal there. They do everything with perfect decorum—a white cloth, flowers in the middle of the table, three wine-glasses to each man. They had made a most scrupulous examination of the cellar. The maid shows herself, and they seem a little uneasy. She goes forthwith to the officer, who in his turn pays a brief visit to the revellers and administers a friendly reproof. They have taken possession, she finds, of something more than wine and food—ornaments, silver, watches—they who had been quartered in that house to "guard" it. At night, five aeroplanes hover over Visé and a dispatch is dropped for the enemy.

Wednesday, August 12.—Mass and Communion at half-past five. The Vicar brings us his mother, seventy-nine years old, unable, for terror, to remain quietly at home; we give her a most affectionate welcome. One of our Sisters goes out, without telling anyone, in the hope that she may be taken in the place of the "hostage," our Sister Superior. But she does not succeed in getting an audience of the general, and comes sadly back. She then proposes to write to the Kaiser, to our great mirth. Towards noon a third letter from our imprisoned Superior. We cannot send her food, for the bombs are falling constantly from our own forts. We hear that the tower of the Town-hall is now condemned.

Thursday, August 13.—All night long detonations and firing. At the five o'clock Mass and Communion we pray for the poor soldiers and for peace. As usual now we have to spend idle hours. At one o'clock a cry of joy! Our Sister Superior is returned to us. We receive her with tears of ecstasy. She tells us of the arrival of a new regiment in authority. When she was set at liberty, two of the hostages, the Dean and the

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Mayor, were ordered to the headquarters at Navagne. We are anxious for them. Three dirigibles pass over Visé.

Friday, August 14.—In the morning comes the nephew of one of our Sisters from Cologne. He had contrived to get a passport. He is astonished to find our town still standing! It was evidently on the Kaiser's list for destruction. Much talk with him, so long have we been without any kind of communication with the world outside. The great question is that of the bridge. The castle at Navagne is destroyed, the fields are reaped, the cattle turned loose. At seven we are aware of another distant village in flames.

Saturday, August 15.—The festival of our Mother in Heaven. Mass and an address by the Director to the townspeople who come to service in our chapel. The Vicar comes to take the Blessed Sacrament (brought us when the church was on fire) to the chapel of the State College, where the altar has been prepared. We have Exposition in our convent all day; we are praying especially for the wounded and the dying. A crier goes by calling for fifty men for the repairing of the road to Bernau. Two maid-servants go to the "hostages" with some little comforts. They are sad enough. They had been insulted by some of the soldiers, who, however, were punished. A colonel, bringing his regiment through, has requisitioned four hundred bottles of wine and a hundred cases of cigars. But the shops have been looted, and there is neither wine nor a cigar. Another great fire visible—another village. Guns, men, lorries, and aeroplanes go by all day towards the bridge-building. An enemy officer was examining the remains of our own bridge, the one we blew up on the coming of the Germans, to see whether repairs were possible. He was seen from the Pontisse fort, and a shot took off his head, clean. A soldier with him had both his legs destroyed. We hear of vows of reprisal. The enemy are angry; they have been detained in little Visé from the third of August, whereas the Kaiser had promised them that when they

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entered Paris on the tenth every officer and non-commissioned officer should get two "steps."

Between the fifteenth and the sixteenth comes a night frightfully memorable for us to all time. The Bridge road on fire, the Hotel de l'Europe on fire, the post-office on fire, and many houses. A rush in the streets of the poor people, homeless. The incendiaries always use the same means. They break a window or smash a door and throw in a fuse.

Sunday, August 16.—The Vicar comes at five o'clock, gives us Communion, and leaves to say Mass at the State Chapel. The Director will come to offer Mass for us. Vicar returns to ask whether this has been done. When I answer "No," he decides to take the Director's place; he is sure that the Director has been stopped. After Mass he tells us that one-third of the town is on fire, that all the men who had not left the town in the night are prisoners, that a house to house examination is going on. Devils!—they mock the misery that would move a brute. The Germans are patrolling outside our convent and watching our movements. Sister Superior goes to the general to beg for a "guarantee" for the Convent. The servant does the same on behalf of the Presbytery. Both are granted. The general tells them that Visé is to be punished, and shows them eight bodies of enemy officers and soldiers killed during the night. We hear that they had been drinking at a house of entertainment, had quarrelled among themselves and come to blows, and after the killing of the eight had accused the unfortunate Visétois. Not a citizen has been left in the possession of any kind of arms. As I was rearranging the altar, the Vicar comes, bringing the Sacred Host back again from the State College Chapel. "Could it not remain there?" I ask. "Ah," the Priest replies, "the Germans are burning everything or breaking everything. I had barely time to take the Ciborium; and they had the hardihood to tell me to leave it alone." "But don't you think they will do the same here? What am I to do if they come?" "Con-

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sume the Host," is the answer. He leaves to visit his poor distracted mother.

Then arose an unusual noise throughout the house. "Come, come quick!" cried a Sister. "All the nuns are going; we are leaving for Holland." I paced the sacristy in great distress. "But the Host," I cried aloud, "the Host!" I took the key of the Tabernacle and entered the chapel to find two Sisters, dressed for departure, on their knees. "The Vicar told me to consume the sacred species," I told them. "I am going to give you Communion." Uncovering the first Ciborium I found twenty-five to thirty consecrated Hosts. I distributed them and took my share. After a few moments the two Sisters rose and joined the departing Sisterhood. I stayed a little, and then thought that I should see whether the Blessed Sacrament had been left in either of the two other vessels. In each I found about two hundred Hosts. What was I to do? There are cries from out of our hearts that bring down an answer. It seemed to me that the reply came, "Take Me with you." Most reverently, but in a tumult of mind, I poured the contents of one Ciborium into the other, covered the one that was full with the silk veil, and carried away that Treasure. Weeping I held it in my arms, against my breast. I went to the image of the Sacred Heart: "Adieu for a while, Heart of Jesus. Thou hast so filled me with Thy favours in this chapel! grant me the grace to be faithful, whatever happens, for we are going to the unknown." Then I went to the Lady altar: "Adieu, my good Mother. Thou knowest what pleasure I had in decorating this altar and in telling thee the little secrets of my soul. Do not thou forsake us! Are we not—Sisters of Notre Dame—thy privileged children?" Then I prayed to St. Joseph: "Once thou didst flee into Egypt to save the Divine Child from the wrath of Herod. We are flying from the savage hordes that have violated our country, and we are carrying with us our Treasure and thine. Do thou watch over it and turn away the dangers of our journey, and bless us." And

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then I appealed to our Mother, the Blessed Julia : " Good Mother, thou too hast known the horrors of war ; protect us now, take care of thy daughters, make our way safe, and watch over the Treasure I am carrying." I took my last leave of our Chapel : " Farewell, farewell, beautiful Chapel that I may never see again." I tore myself weeping from that dear place.

I stopped a moment at the Sacristy window and said good-bye to the beautiful river Meuse, and casting a glance into our courtyard I saw that the Germans were wrenching from their stanchions the great iron bars of the gate. Those fellows have something like the strength of Hercules. At last I went, and joined the other Sisters who had already made some way, but, noticing my absence, were waiting for me impatiently. I was in tears as I passed between two ranks of soldiers ; I showed them the Ciborium in my arms ; not a few seemed to feel for me, and the greater number gave the military salute ; some also bent reverently. I shall not attempt to record what I felt as I secured the sacred Host from profanation. Some things take place between God and the soul that can never be repeated.

Having reached the end of the street, I turned and saw those savages beating in the doors of our school and of the houses adjoining ; the fuse was thrown in, and in a minute or two the flames broke out. One of the enemy had said to me, not many days before, showing me a little packet, " I have enough here to put all Europe in a blaze." We had left our Convent just in time. The flames were on it, but I did not see it destroyed. It was only on the following day that I heard from a friend who left Visé after us that of those fine buildings nothing was left but a heap of ruins and the fallen pinnacle of the Chapel. I hurried on, asking my way now and then of a soldier who did not look too savage, and came up with my Sisterhood. We took our way on foot, sadly enough, weighed down by our big bundles. The Sister in charge of the linen had packed a great quantity. We were loaded like mules. I had taken charge of a casket

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belonging to the Dean (the "hostage") containing ten thousand francs ; I had it with me day and night in the house and in the cellar. Infantry and cavalry surrounded us, and in front of us went twelve hundred people also loaded with all kinds of luggage, and pushing hand-carts and perambulators—all fugitives towards Holland. Some of our Sisters had not even their cloaks. And now none were left in our city by the Meuse except a few trying hard to save some of their last possessions. At times we had to stop awhile ; and in one of these pauses of the throng I was at the side of a man on horse-back whom I knew to be a priest by the end of a stole showing in the opening of his cloak. I showed him the Ciborium and he said to me, reverently and tenderly, "I also am carrying the Host."

When we came to Mouland we were horrified by the ruins ; all has been given up to fire and rapine. The village is killed. Not a living creature remains. All are gone to friendly Holland. We went on our way ; the heat was overwhelming, and our march was slow. After three hours of it we came to the first houses of Eysden. Dutch soldiers were on guard at the frontier ; we set our feet upon that hospitable soil, we took their friendly salute. The people brought us milk, bread and butter, fruit, vying with each other in friendly welcome. No more Germans. O God, Thou hast protected us ! What a relief to see no more helmets, no more spikes. At last, having crossed the town, we came to the house of the niece of one of our Sisters. We had been walking from eight o'clock to three, and we shall not forget the kindness of that welcome, or the pleasure of that generous meal. Our own little company comprised twenty-five Sisters, two maids, four friends, and the poor dear lay-governess. Towards half-past five we were at the railway station. I forgot to say that the Comte de Glose, living at Eysden, who had already given shelter to more than fifteen hundred fugitives from burning villages near the frontier, most kindly offered us lodging. With many thanks we declined, because by telegram to the dear

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Franciscan Sisters in Holland a place of refuge had been secured for us beforehand. Here we were then packed into the train like figs in a box, and on our way to Maestricht.

We reached it late. The people had gathered at the station to greet us; they accompanied us to the Franciscan Convent, they carried our bundles. All the great concourse of fugitives, rich and poor, found shelter in the town. Our own little company were received with embraces by the dear Franciscans. It was a welcome that moved us to tears. I uncovered the Ciborium. The Reverend Mother asked whether it contained the Blessed Sacrament. I answered "Yes," and all present fell on their knees. This was the first act of adoration upon Dutch soil to Our Lord from Visé. Notice was sent to the Dean, so that he might place the Ciborium within the tabernacle of the Chapel. That good priest came in haste, and heard the whole history of my most daring action. He shed tears. And I, giving up the Treasure I had carried so many hours, wept also. We then gathered with the community and several friends in the great hall of our hostesses and talked over all that had happened. Some of the townspeople came also, among them the editor of a local paper who wanted to know every possible detail. We astonished him a good deal, for the Germans had spread a report that the people of Visé had been treacherous and had committed many murders. Liars! The editor thanked us and promised to put things right in his paper.

The good Sisters told us that being unable to lodge us all, they had sent word to Marienwerth, a place a short league away, where their Order had a large convent and school, to secure shelter for some of our company. Thither a dozen of us were conveyed by motor-cars. On our arrival, one of our Sisters cried "O Lord, O Lord! Never again will I set foot in those machines. I thought every moment would be my last!" We did not spare her our merriment. The Reverend Mother and her

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forty nuns received us most affectionately ; and after a little chat we were taken to dormitories where nothing was wanting. Each of us had hot water for our weary feet. We were not to rise without leave.

Monday, August 17.—Mass and Communion, breakfast, meditation, the little devotions to which we are used, and a talk. A large room is at our service, with books, both religious and scientific, paper, pens, pencils, needles and thread. We are ordered a *siesta* of some hours—so many nights had we spent without any sleep whatever. Oh, thank God that we have no longer to hear the stunning noise of the cannon, or the whistle of the bomb ! We are joining the Sisters in the services of their splendid Chapel. The house is large, wonderfully well managed, wonderfully clean. There is a park of several acres with modern games for the school-girls, a lake, swans, ducks. It is, in a word, a magnificent convent and school.

Tuesday, August 18.—After Mass and Holy Communion, our devotions, and breakfast, we are presented to the prelate who is chaplain to this community. At his request we relate the events of these past days. Then comes a walk to Marienwerth. We are shown the mines and all other defences against a possible invasion by Germans. A message from the Belgian Consul directing us to repair to Bréda. Our bundles must be corded again. We leave our dear hostesses not without a few tears. All the Visé fugitives meet at the Maestricht station ; only we leave behind the poor lay teacher who has shared our troubles, and whom the Franciscan Sisters will keep near them till better times. Train to Bréda, where Sisters of Charity receive us. We have to tell our story again, to several audiences—all our last fifteen days at Visé, and the tender mercies of the Germans. O those Germans ! They burnt the town and our noble school buildings that had been guaranteed, and left us only a few minutes to escape. The Queen of Holland has been most generous to the Belgian exiles, sending forty thousand francs and more than six hundred suits of clothing for the fugitives, with

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a telegram of welcome. A message of cordial thanks was returned by Belgian ladies.

Wednesday, August 19.—Mass and Communion offered for all who have received us with so much goodwill. Then we must prepare for another journey. We reach Merxem, the inhabitants of which are much astonished at seeing so many nuns so loaded with bundles. The Sisters who were to receive us here are also astounded, for they had heard nothing of our Visé news. But they receive us with open arms. We now have orders to set out for Ghent by train. A telegram is dispatched to the Sister Superior at Ghent to give her notice that twenty-three of us are to fall upon her at about eleven at night. Two of our German Sisters are to go to Antwerp, and thence to Amersfort, if possible. In our railway carriage are some good soldiers full of enthusiasm. "It is a glorious thing to die for God and for our country." A number of fugitives are also on the way to Ghent, which seems to be a place of assured safety.

Wednesday night and Thursday, August 20.—A huge crowd of the people of Ghent meets our train; the coming of the exiles had been noised in the town. I think the whole population has turned out. Some good people walk with us and carry our bundles—h those bundles!—and we are welcomed at the convent with the usual kindness. Good sleep till half-past six and then Holy Mass and Communion. After breakfast we make acquaintance with this great Convent and its seventy-two Sisters. How long may we rest here? We have disquieting news of the advance of the enemy.

Friday, August 21.—Rest, but great anxiety. This city is making preparations—ambulances, public bakeries.

Saturday, August 22.—A panic, owing to a glimpse of Uhlans. Some men at work in the fields saw them, and took flight, reaching Ghent with bleeding feet. The city was in terror. The ambulances were emptied, the sick and wounded taken into private houses. But the Uhlans went another way.

Sunday, August 23.—News of the death of Pope

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Pius X, and of the General of the Jesuits. For this last it is indeed a release. He—a German—suffered too greatly for the crimes of his country. Nothing to mark the next few days except the departure of two Sisters for hospitable England.

Wednesday, September 2.—Sister Superior of this Ghent Convent reads aloud two charming letters, one from Clapham and one from Glasgow. We poor Sisters from Visé are cordially invited to the Isle of Saints and bidden to take no thought for the cost of travel. "Come, and we will make you happy." But this kind Convent wishes to keep us at Ghent.

Friday, September 4.—As we come from Benediction in the Chapel, our kind hostess-Sister-Superior gives us the news of our orders to start for England to-morrow. Fugitives from Termonde have arrived; a whole quarter of their town is in flames. The enemy is gaining everywhere. There is a fear of scarcity in the Ghent Convent. Our own Sister Superior (of Visé) sends for all particulars for our passports—names, ages, birthplaces. So we are cording our bundles again—oh those bundles!

Saturday, September 5.—Up at half-past four, and we drag our bundles down to the corridor—oh those bundles! We follow the Stations of the Cross in the Chapel, on behalf of the poor wounded and the dying now out on the battle-fields. We offer our Communions for the dear Sister Superior at Ghent. Then the leave-taking. Then the drive to the station, to a packed train and an elbowing crowd. Our bundles make a kind of rampart. Many fugitives were for Antwerp, many for England. At Antwerp a struggle for the crowded boat. The sea is much against us; many of us collapse, but we have to answer to a strict examination. We have to prove our identity. One of our Sisters, who has a fairly masculine appearance, has her cheeks and chin explored by the hand of an official. On landing we find that being late we have missed our London train. Our arms are wrenched and bruised by those same bundles. Never mind! we are out of hearing of the German guns.

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Several gentlemen of Folkestone—nay even ladies and girls—take pity on us and relieve us of those bundles. In the London train even as we make our meditation we look with admiration at the magnificent rich country. When we reach the Thames it is night and the river shines with thousands of lights. We are moved to tears by the kindest of welcomes given to the unfortunate Belgians by the English capital. Two Sisters from Clapham meet us. As we climb into the two omnibuses prepared (we with our bundles), a thousand English voices cheer us. We are received at St. George's (Southwark) with open arms.

Sunday, September 6.—After Mass and Communion we spend the day in prayer. The convent at St. George's is a grand one. But we cannot rest here long. Thirty Sisters, now away, are soon to return. We are grieved to hear that our little company is to be scattered. Having suffered together we have loved each other the more. A venerable Canon talks to us and wishes to hear our report of the Germans. He asks me to tell of my giving Communion and carrying away the sacred Host from the Convent Chapel at Visé. Very gravely he said to me, "And you dared?" "Yes, rather than allow the Holy Sacrament to be burnt." "Well, you did right. It pleased God." I was glad to have the approbation of so competent an authority, and to receive the Canon's blessing.

Monday, September 7.—We are to be received by threes and fours in the several Convents. Our Sister Superior will live at Clapham. We shed many tears at the thought of parting. The Bishop of Southwark receives us. Seeing some astonishment, apparently, in my eyes, he says: "I really think you take us for Protestant prelates." I could only cry "Oh, Monseigneur!" The fact is that in England the clergy and the very Bishops wear trousers!

Wednesday, September 9.—The day of separation has come. Some are for Leeds, others for Birkdale, Norwich, Liverpool, Battersea, Northampton, Wigan. I am in

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the Norwich company. I think we have wept more to-day than in all those sad days past.

Friday, September 11.—The Convent at Norwich is large, the Chapel beautiful. We are happy here to have the chance of confession, at last, for we have an eighteen days' burden to lay down.

Tuesday, September 15.—We are summoned to the Registration office. We are driven thither in a carriage, if you please, like great ladies. Our name of Belgian refugees ensures us a very kind reception, mixed with a little curiosity. Curiosity, we find, is of both sexes. The process of identification is as follows. Sister Superior goes first. The right hand is taken and the fingers are pressed upon a piece of stamped paper, on which five spaces are marked out—one for each finger. The same with the fingers of the left hand ; all separately, then all together. We cannot keep our countenances as we watch the bewilderment in Sister Superior's face, and we laugh so unrestrainedly that the officials laugh with us. She looked as though she were going through a piano exercise in fingering. She is then served with a basin and soap, and then she has to sign her name to the paper. We undergo the same. Then follow further identifications : birthplace, age, colour of eyes, colour of hair, height, any service during the war. Next, the photographer ! We are all over sixty years old, but we are carefully dressed and looking our best !

And this is the close of our adventures.

The writer ends by asking prayers for one who was for a time "a little Tabernacle."

SOME ENGLISH POETS*

IT is permissible to imagine, if not to describe, the wrath of a sound High Anglican who, eagerly dipping into a History of the Church of England during the last two centuries, finds himself entangled in a sympathetic chronicle of Quaker Synods, of the sorties of early Salvationists, and of the dull doings of the Counties of Huntingdon. For such an experience must the jealous lover of literature be prepared each time he encounters a new anthology of English Poetry. He may, of course, be so lucky as to light upon exceptions, though it is probable there is but one, and that one not yet in existence—the anthology that he alone is competent to produce, with perfect assurance, as the only authentic symbol of poetical orthodoxy: in all others he detects heresy upon heresy; he finds pieces included the justification of which rests on no true “dogma,” but on the shallowest basis of poetical “opinion”; not seldom he has to shudder at a most ingenious blasphemy. For our wise lover, of course, it is not of great importance; his divining rod will guide him infallibly to the living springs, however deep they lie concealed; he knows at a glance the poisoned wells, the stagnant waters.

The sourest of critics, seeking to renew the traditional grumble at the race of anthologists, must find himself in a measure disarmed at the first approach to the present volume. An anthology in the accepted sense, to be a fair mark for attack, should be the work of one mind, the outcome of an individual temperament, whereas, in this case, the various writers who have contributed introductory notices of the fifty-one authors represented are severally responsible, we assume, for the selection, from their poems, though Mr. Humphry Ward remains as director of an enterprise launched by him nearly forty years ago under the flag of a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. This, the fifth volume of *The English Poets*, contains selections from

* *The English Poets*, edited by Humphry Ward. Vol. 5. (Macmillans.)

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the work of such as have died within these forty years. Glorious names commemorate that time of a little more than half a century : Tennyson and Arnold, those " august masters of beauty " ; Robert Browning, " maker of plays " ; the formidable enigma of Swinburne and Morris ; the prophet-poets, Patmore and Thompson ; Miss Rossetti, than who none ever soothed a sad captivity with a holier song. What other nation has ever shown a like record ? Does it not bring home the claim of one of their number that, allowing to the Greeks their rightful province, " English poetry forms the greater part of the rest of the poetry of the human race " ? We turn with fresh delight to the goodly fellowship of the many less famous, though scarcely less welcome, poets who move without fear of eclipse among these ; less famous they are likely to remain in some cases only because of the smaller measure of their achievement ; yet not one of them perhaps but might plead, in a figure, and with perfect modesty :

St. Michael keeps his place, I mine—and, if you please,
We will respect each other's provinces.

But as in the passage of half-a-hundred years it would be idle to look for half-a-hundred immortals, we are little surprised by the intrusion here of certain shadowy, half forgotten forms, their garlands long since withered on their brows. *Non ragioniam di lor*, but leave their vague verses to drift back into the phantasmal cloud-region whence they were evoked—since the matter of poetry is not vapour but substance.

Before recurring to the great names, let us linger awhile in the distinguished company of those whom a bad fashion labels " minor poets." Unable wholly to avoid this vexed question of major and minor, we cite some remarks by Mr. John Drinkwater, who supplies several of the critical notices preceding the various selections :

When we decide that a poet's station is in the second rank, it is well to remember that we cannot reasonably mean that his most distinguished qualities are in themselves of a secondary or

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inferior kind. If that were so we should not in sanity spend any time on him at all. There can be no compromise with mediocrity in these matters . . . Every poet who claims our consideration, not merely forcing a moment of unwilling attention, must do so by virtue of qualities that the greatest would be content to share with him. It is absurd to suppose that the purely poetic essence can be measured by degrees of goodness; that essential poetry may be good, and better, and best. The elements of poetry may be manifold, but in so far as he is possessed of any of them, he possesses them absolutely and not relatively.

This, coming from the preface to Lord de Tabley's chosen poems, expresses a remarkable and also even a rare understanding of the true nature of poetry. Our respect for the writer's judgment is further increased by his choice among de Tabley's poems, one of which, "A Leave-taking," is worth knowing much better than it is already known. Yet why, we may ask, do these few stanzas give us so much delight, and why does Tennyson's "Come not when I am dead," music of a comparable melody, delight us far more? Who shall reply? It is "Flower in the crannied wall" again—and always. From a hundred sources this same mystery of beauty calls to us. Here are Cory's "Ionica"—Grecian hyacinths, wistfully reminiscent of the first and greatest of all anthologies, with the unforgettable "Mimnermus in Church," a Pagan cry that is yet 'as Catholic, in a sense, as Patmore's great protest against "The Infinite." Here is William Barnes, true poet, who, when questioned as to why he wrote in dialect, replied that he "could not help it." Mr. Thomas Hardy has chosen for us some of the loveliest songs of his poet-neighbour: in his interesting foreword he remarks that Barnes had "a quality of the great poets, a clear perception or instinct that human emotion is the primary stuff of poetry." So strong, indeed, is this emotion in much of his work that it is only the restraining force of a still finer instinct which keeps it from becoming too poignant—one can imagine "The Wife a-lost" and "Woak Hill" made unbearable in a less

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chastened embodiment. To William Barnes, his native Dorset was "Paradise enow"; the Isle of Man sufficed for Thomas Edward Brown, whose work is here but poorly represented. It was the coast of her own Lincolnshire, with its raging eygre, that set Jean Ingelow's ears a-ringing with the wild music of "The Brides of Enderby"; and the heart of Stevenson turned from the "bowery loveliness" of his exile always to the "hills of sheep" at home. Even Lionel Johnson, who took Ireland for his true country, could make the best of Winchester, of Oxford, of London, the cities assigned to him, and his memory is linked for ever with that of a greater, though hardly a gentler, figure, in the mind of every poet who saunters "hard by his own Whitehall." But there are always those that will be sighing for a Lebanon other than that of their sires. Such, we have seen, was Cory of the "Ionica"; such, too, *longo intervallo*, was John Addington Symonds, bent always on a backward journey to the times of the Renaissance. Of Ernest Dowson, whose music is all sighs, whose sad heart seems to have known neither home nor country, it is difficult to say precisely where was the mount of his desires. In this short selection from his verse we are grateful, not for the truncated version of the too well-known "Cynara," not for the only half-realized "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration," but for the lovely sonnet, "A Last Word," which forces us to ponder the wholesome paradox, that ecstasy may sometimes be achieved by the way of a far from divine despair.

As the Introductions to Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold were written just a quarter of a century ago, the opinion of to-day will not echo at all points the judgments then delivered; but at least the task of criticism and selection was entrusted in each case to capable and sympathetic hands. No one could devise a choice from Tennyson more satisfying within narrow limits than Professor Jebb's. From "Claribel," the right beginning, down to "Crossing the Bar," the dear familiar procession unfolds itself once more. "Cenone" of course is here,

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"Ulysses" and "Tithonus," "Tears, idle tears," "Break, break, break!" "The Sailor Boy," "Morte d'Arthur," the Wellington Ode—how can one bear to stop? If we may not have "The Dying Swan," we get "A Dirge."

This new revelation of beauty was given to an age in which, as Mrs. Margaret Woods elsewhere reminds us, "critics and public alike were bowing Tom Moore into the House of Fame, and letting down the latch upon Keats and Shelley outside." Yet from this long array of splendid visions we miss one which is to us of all the most resplendent. Among Tennyson's loftiest poems, "Fatima" blazes from a lonely height; it does not "abide our question"; it takes its place with the great transcendental love-songs of all time. That Tennyson himself was conscious, at least in part, of the quality of his inspiration may be inferred, we think, from the fact that below the title he placed these words from Sappho:

φαίνεται μὲν κῆνος ἵσος θεοῖσιν
ἐμμεν ὠνῆρ,

and we regret that they have fallen out of the later editions.

Probably no English poet lends himself more easily than Tennyson to the treatment of the anthologist—so abundant are his finest lyrics, so saturated with the rich essence of poetry is the close fabric of his splendid average that even portions of his longer poems seem to give a satisfying impression of completeness. Robert Browning, on the other hand, is a writer whose quality it is not easy to display within a small compass. Mrs. Woods, from whose cautionary words as to the futility of contemporary criticism we have already quoted, seems to have felt something of the difficulty of being allotted only thirty pages for her selection. She saw clearly that Browning had acquired his reputation mainly as dramatist and philosopher; she realized the danger of "this union of philosophy and poetry," especially "if philosophy be allowed to take precedence." She was not blind to his "uncouth forms, obscurities and weary prolixities," and she looked askance on that lamentable time in which "his very faults were glorified," when

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"there were many people to whom an obscure passage in Browning gave the amusement of an acrostic, *plus* the pleasures of intellectuality." Small wonder, then, if she had her doubts lest this robustious mid-Victorian hero might come, merely as poet, to be but "coolly honoured" after all. By a careful search for whatever most impresses by its purely poetical quality, she presents some of the established successes: "How they brought the good news," where the anapæsts are well enough, if only they did not remind us of "Prospice," where they are by no means so well; "The Lost Leader"; the famous Epilogue, "At the midnight in the silence of the sleep time," both perhaps a little over-charged with the personal assertiveness, the German *edle Selbstbewusstheit*, so characteristic of Browning, and so closely echoed in Henley's "Out of the night that covers me," that we should never be surprised to find his thanks for his "unconquerable soul" included by a natural error in a selection from the works of the greater man. Responding but faintly to the appeal of these things, we turn the page, and find ourselves thanking God and Robert Browning for "Home thoughts from abroad." Much cause for thanksgiving, too, is there in the mellow glow of "Love among the Ruins," as, in a less degree, for the relief of "Up at a Villa—Down in the City." But why is "My Star" not here, or the tense laconic passion of "Meeting at Night," and "Parting at Morning"? But truly, Mrs. Woods' task was no easy one. Browning is not for selections; those who seek to know the tireless vigour and variety of a great personality must needs digest the whole of the sixteen volumes in which his work is contained.

Three volumes only, as Mr. Ward reminds us, suffice for all that Matthew Arnold brought to us from the world of vision; and of these three, as the editor truly says, "how little there is that one could wish away!" If, as has been finely remarked, "the Idea is the Soul, the style the glorified body" of Poetry, in the work of how many other English poets does that body glow so con-

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stantly with so pure a light ? No wonder that Mr. Ward here found his task, not of choice, but of rejection, a hard one ; but he has managed to assemble illustrations of each of the poet's greater aspects. The sustained dignity of blank verse in "Sohrab" ; the gnomic austerity of "Human Life" and "To Marguerite" ; "The Forsaken Merman," Arnold's one piece of pure fantasy ; "The Strayed Reveller" and "Rugby Chapel," diverse in matter, yet both unmistakably Goethesque in their sound—all these, delightful as they are, must give place to "Thyrsis," of which the editor prints the whole, regretting that he has no room for its companion piece, "The Scholar Gipsy." Yet with "Thyrsis" we should be well content, since nothing that has been omitted can surpass the lyric ecstasy of some of its stanzas. Arnold felt himself alien to his own age and environment ; both Greece and Goethe's Germany were, in a sense, homes of his adoption, and no English poet ever assimilated the Greek spirit, the Greek manner, with more advantage to his own style. Yet we doubt if his "sad lucidity of soul" was by anything attuned to so high a song as by the sights and sounds and hauntings of the English country-side. "Thyrsis," of course, and "The Scholar Gipsy" both do much to justify this opinion, but even more does the picture of the poet in "Resignation." Arnold did not always sing easily in the rhymed stanza of four lines, and never less easily than in "Requiescat," which is given here. It *had* to be given, we suppose, like Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," because of a bad custom ; but we think that Arnold himself would smile at such homage paid to his worst.

Having fulfilled adequately his own labour of love, Mr. Ward has made exacting demands upon that well-trying critic, Mr. Edmund Gosse. It would not be fair to expect from a single intelligence an enthusiasm for the brave trumpeting and the tripping dance-measures of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and also a right thanksgiving for the incantations of Plain Song. The music of the Italian's sacred masterpiece—its tunes were actually utilized in

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the eighteen-sixties for a set of quadrilles—makes such an obvious appeal to the tapping feet, the coursing blood, whereas the melody of Plain Song, moving to an occult and elusive law, evokes a beauty discernible only by inward sense. Yet these two phenomena, both loosely included in the term music, seem no more remote from each other than are the essential qualities of Swinburne and Patmore, with both of whom Mr. Gosse has been summoned to deal. We are aware of the perils lurking in an analogy between different arts ; we should hesitate the more to pursue it did we not feel that the parallel in this instance is not confined to the “music” of their verse, but extends to an even more important question—the union of the idea with the manner, of soul with body. In the case of Rossini no one would venture to maintain that his music, excellent of its own inferior kind, is in any degree expressive of the Latin poem with which it is associated, so completely does the melodic form dominate all other considerations ; and of Swinburne a recent essayist, referring to his “extraordinary gift of diction,” has said : “So overweening a place does it take in this man’s art that I believe the words to hold and use his meaning, rather than the meaning to compass and grasp and use the word.”

This seems to be entirely true ; and, though the Plain Song analogy must not be pressed too strongly, in this aspect no greater contrast to Swinburne could be found than Coventry Patmore, since in the work of no other English poet does the form respond so unfailingly, so closely and yet so fluidly, and with such “sweet economy,” to the inspiring idea. This may be affirmed of all the work belonging to the poet’s greater manner, which began with the first Odes of 1868. From singers of such different temper, with such widely opposed conceptions of their office, we must expect music so sharply contrasted as to challenge us, indeed, to a definite choice of allegiance. We doubt if it be possible for one who really revels in the famous *Cujus animam* to feel more than a tepid interest in the *Hæc est dies* of Easter Sunday. There is no doubt

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at all about Mr. Gosse—he is one of Swinburne's sturdiest champions ; a genuine enthusiasm breathes from each paragraph of his scholarly Introduction. He has a robust appetite for anapæsts—the two famous choruses from "Atalanta" are but as oysters to him ; "Itylus" follows immediately, and a generous helping from "The Triumph of Time," with "Hertha" as the *pièce de résistance* ; and two or three quite substantial aftercourses. Confronted with these, the poems of his choice, we will not assent to the claim, that "Beauty was never celebrated in purer or more rapturous music" ; the association of the epithets is to be regretted, recalling, as it must, those unhappy lines in which Swinburne warns us that rapture is to be sought elsewhere than among the lilies. But if it is for his music that Swinburne is to be praised, surely his friends would serve him better by ceasing to insist so strongly on this less admirable manifestation of his rhythmic talent. "All realities," says Patmore, "will sing, and nothing else will." We cannot believe that the ceaseless jingle of these pounding anapæsts is the result of any glimpse of Reality, of the ineffable forms of Beauty, but rather of some frenzied commerce with the shadows in the Cave ; nay, at times with the bats, the *noctium phantasmata*, that haunt it.

It is not as if there were any dearth of finer stuff to choose from. The writer of the essay already quoted directs attention to what we might almost call, so far as his promiscuous admirers are concerned, the hidden treasures of Swinburne : the strength and freedom and fresh quality in his blank verse, the grave beauty of many of his rhymed iambic stanzas, his always magnificent response to the inspiration of the sea. By Mr. Gosse's choice no blank verse is given here, and one fine whiff only of his sea-quality, in the Epilogue to "Songs before Sunrise."

Strangely unlike as are the voices of Swinburne and Patmore, we find in Patmore's own work a contrast no less surprising. To so great a degree does the splendour of the poet's later manner outshine his earlier, that the

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chronological arrangement uniformly adopted in this volume may prove in his case a disadvantage. A new-comer might easily be put off by such verse as the "Eros" which stands first in the selection. Only after nearly two-thirds of the meagre allotment have been filled is room allowed for five of the shorter poems from "The Unknown Eros." The right way to arrive at a true understanding of Patmore's poetry as a whole is to reverse the ordinary method, and begin, as it were, at the end, since it is only in the light of "The Unknown Eros" that the real significance of "The Angel in the House" is revealed. The poet himself insisted that in both utterances the inspiration was substantially the same; yet so extraordinary are the differences in manner that a reader, lighting upon the two volumes in ignorance of their history, might well be pardoned for even not suspecting a common authorship. Many fervent admirers of "The Angel" were indifferent or cold to the first "Odes" which appeared in 1868; not even the "Deliciæ Sappentiæ" could touch them, so true is the poet's own word:

That ardour chills us which we do not share.

They did not understand that Patmore had now attained to the Mount of Vision, and that to him it was given henceforth to sing a new song. From this time, too, he changed his method and habits of composition. Mr. Gosse tells us that whereas "between the ages of thirty and forty he composed steadily, during all the other years of his life his actual writing was performed at long intervals, in feverish spurts. The intention to write was never out of his mind, and yet he had the power of will to refuse himself the satisfaction of writing except on those rare occasions when he felt capable of doing his best." The form of verse he adopted for the "Odes" he retained unaltered to the end, whatever his theme; and although the lyric quality glows and fades in accordance with the exaltation of his mood, an unfailing beauty of rhythm and a certain inevitableness in the diction confirms the poet's own claim that he had written

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nothing in this particular manner unless under the "impulse of some thought that 'voluntary moved harmonious numbers.'"

It is our regret that we are not here given at least one of the great characteristic Odes, such as "Legem tuam dilexi," "Eros and Psyche," or "Deliciæ Sapientiæ de Amore," now generally admitted to be at the topmost height of the poet's achievement. But there is yet another side which cannot be excluded from any adequate presentment of Patmore's genius. We refer to what Mr. Gosse calls the "political portion of The Unknown Eros," though we would prefer "prophetical" as the fitter epithet. These are swept aside on the ground that they "are now not important"; Mr. Gosse adds, "they are fortunately not numerous." It is true they are but three or four in number; but not only are they filled, as much as any of the "sacramental" Odes, with that "Uranian clearness" which the poet invoked, but they happen to contain some of the very finest verse that Patmore ever wrote. In our ears, we confess, these poems sound not as the wrangle of politics, but rather as a prophet's chanting voice, big with lamentation and scorn and pity and passionate love of country.

Remembering so many strange reversals in the history of criticism, one may be allowed to wonder what will be the judgment of posterity on a sense of values which, while allotting nearly forty pages to Swinburne, considered Francis Thompson worthy of little more than half a dozen. Doubtless it is too soon to assign to Thompson his exact and rightful place, perhaps too soon, even, for Mr. Humphry Ward's dictum, that he "came near to being a great, a very great, poet"—but he has already a wide acceptance among poetry-lovers as one of the most extraordinary apparitions in the whole firmament of English poetry.* The inevitable "Hound of Heaven"—

*Mr. Ward twice errs when he says: "Such is Thompson's inequality, that Mrs. Meynell has found it desirable to publish a volume of *Selections*." Any bookseller in Great Britain could have corrected for him this ascription of the editorship of the *Selected Poems*; and any reader of Thompson would reject the motive thus alleged for the choice made.

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the reiterated association of which with "The Blessed Damozel" only adds one more to the hopeless misapprehensions of the term "mystical"—is not the poet's greatest thing; and its inclusion in so limited a space leaves room for hardly anything else. Those who study Thompson's later work recognize in it a growth, both in the intensity of his vision and the splendour of his manner. If it is impossible to think of Wordsworth apart from the "Intimations of Immortality," so one cannot separate the idea of Thompson from the "Orient Ode," "The Mistress of Vision," and "From the Night of Forebeing." Yet from the whole volume that first contained these and other poems of equal sublimity, seven lines only are given, and these, apparently, because of some fancied likeness to Shakespeare!

Which is the greater—the poet in whose pages the mere hint of some stupendous vision appears but murkily, or in fitful gleams, or the one who shows us a lesser reality radiantly glowing through the "glorified body" of his verse? What are we to say of those lyrics which, in nature and effect, seem hardly distinguishable from pure music? Is "Hyperion" really so much greater than "Endymion"? The prose of Poe and the verse of Pope—where is here the poetry? Or was Pope ever for one moment of his life a poet? The widely different answers given to such primary questions by those whom we acknowledge as leaders of educated opinion show us in what shifting quicksands we seem to be labouring. A poet, we assume, is nothing else than one who has looked on Reality—either dimly, loitering on the Hill of Dreams, or clearly, from the Mount of Vision—and by the law of his being is compelled to sing to us of what he has seen. "All Realities will sing, and nothing else will"; he sings, then, out of the memory of his experience. Alas! too soon the seer may forget; he knows it, and is dumb, or, too often, a worse fate befalls him—and us; ignorant of his loss, he continues to babble on in his poor disenchanted voice, no longer fit for song, and the delighted world still listens, half unconscious of the change.

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How are we to know by the sound of his voice if the singer has truly seen—or if he still remembers? Is there nothing comparable to the Pauline concept of Charity, the absence of which would warn us to reject the “sounding brass” and the “tinkling cymbal,” no test by which poets too may be implicated in the line:

Multae terricolis linguae, caelestibus una?

Let us take, from Mr. Arthur Machen's *Hieroglyphics*, a passage in which “literature” and poetry are, for the present argument, identical terms: “Literature is the expression, through the æsthetic medium of words, of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and that which is in any way out of harmony with these dogmas is not literature.” Lest any should see in this contention a desire to force theology into a sphere beyond its jurisdiction, let the author speak on: “The conscious opinions of a writer are simply not worth twopence in the court of literature; who cares to inquire into the theology of Keats? . . . It is the subconsciousness, remember, alone that matters, and (to put it again theologically) you will find that books which are not literature proceed from ignorance of the Sacramental System.” These pregnant sentences, together with their context, seem to us to contain the germ of a new and welcome development in literary criticism: we commend them to the meditation of all poet-theologians who are anxious for the reunion of the Catholic Church with the “Church” of Letters.

Although not more than half a dozen of the poets appearing in this volume were children of the Catholic Church, still, with Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson soaring in the dawn of

The grey secret lingering in the East,
the Body, we think, may rest well satisfied with her eagles.

PAUL ENGLAND.

THE DALMATIAN QUESTION*

WHEN Austria sent her deadly challenge to Serbia the whole world knew that one of two things must happen—either the Slav Piedmont would cease to be or the Dual Empire would break up. When again Italy, at an anxious moment, after leaving the Triplice came over to the Allies, clearly she staked her all. Each of these contending Powers had its day of triumph and its crushing defeat. Serbia, owning a population of only some four millions, already tried to the utmost in two victorious wars, held out with a courage beyond praise while Austrians, Bulgarians, and Germans set upon her—no help arriving from west or east, until the remains of her undaunted army escaped across the hills into Albania. The Government of Sofia declared that Serbia was no more, and destroyed her lawbooks and records as waste paper. It seemed to be the end.

But the miracle of resurrection was not denied to this heroic nation. At long last Salonika justified the French who had chosen it for a "pivotal" centre of action; the whole front blazed into lightning which consumed Bulgaria; Serbian legions fought and marched with a never-sleeping energy; and their advance across the Danube told the House of Habsburg that its hour of doom was at hand. From the other side Italian troops, a year after the misfortune of Caporetto, were annihilating the hosts which had so nearly swooped down on Venice and Lombardy; were taking prisoners by the hundred thousand, cresting the Alps, and threatening Munich or Vienna. The cry to "Break Austria" was heard, was echoed in England, so long a fast friend to the descendants of Maria Theresa. The monarchy of more

* Roncagli's *Le Problème Militaire de l'Adriatique* (Rome, 1918). Tommaso Sillani's *Mare Nostrum, Lembi di Patria* (Milan, 1916). Dainelli's *La Dalmazia* (Novara, 1918). M. Konitza's *The Albanian Question* (London, 1918). *Southern Slav Bulletin* (1917-1919). R. W. Seton-Watson's *German, Slav, and Magyar* (London, 1916). *Modern Italy* (London, 1919).

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than a thousand years, reckoning from Charlemagne, fell. Hungary declared its independence; Bohemia and Moravia became the Czecho-Slovak Republic; the Croats and Slovenes with little Montenegro joined in one Kingdom of Greater Serbia to be ruled by the line of "Black George," the Karageorgevitch. And Italy saw in front of her a great new Slav Power rising, the Adriatic lying between them both, its eastern shore dominating the western, while the fleet which belonged yesterday to the Emperor Karl to-day flew the ensign of the Yugo-Slavs. In these events and tokens, these facts of history and politics, these aspirations fulfilled and unfulfilled, the Dalmatian question lies before us.

It is no less interesting than intricate, highly picturesque in many features, and a peril to the new Europe of Mr. Wilson's dreams. In it, we may affirm, is hidden somewhere the key to that greater problem still of the Balkans. It clamours for solution, but where is the solution to be found? With remarkable diplomacy, yet a certain lack of prevision, the Serbs appealed, as it were from the supreme Conference deliberating at Paris, to the American President, that he might settle it out of hand. This was to refuse the jurisdiction of the Allies who had won the war for the Yugo-Slavs, and to cast on a sort of *Deus ex machina* the burden of deciding an age-long controversy with which he had only just become acquainted. After all, it is Europe and not America that will have these peoples at the very heart of her new situation. Had the President yielded, in the same moment the Areopagus of the world must have given way to separate courts; the desired League of Nations would have proved itself a delusion in the act of birth; and how could the United States enforce the judgment? A policy which ignores Europe is, to speak moderately, unreal; it has no promise of the future. We are now come to a stage where the drift and meaning of the whole war take on them a distinct character. We see that the matter at stake was civilization; and it follows that the Latin countries, headed by France and

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Italy, lay open to the first attacks ; that for them, and consequently for us, the supreme question is security. When all things have been duly weighed there appears to be only one type of culture, one standard of human thought and conduct, which is equal to the demands now pressing on mankind. It is Greek, Latin, Hebrew, in a marvellous unity of organism, accepted by Britons and Americans alike, and wrought into their religion, their literature, their political institutions, their science. All that the Slav inheritance of beauty and heroism can add to it will be welcome ; but where is the intelligent Slav who would wish to see it destroyed by German militarism ?

Yet if not one system, the other must be accepted ; on this alternative the fate of Europe hangs. Did the Teuton conquer Italy and hold it, the Balkans would be at his feet. For the Yugo-Slavs to be free the safety, I would even affirm the greatness, of Italy remains indispensable. They too, were all but lost on the Tagliamento and gloriously redeemed on the Piave. Their claim to independence has been acknowledged by the victorious Powers ; yet the immediate price, besides their own splendid daring and their refusal to despair, included no small portion of Italy's sufferings. In the war this ancient and ever youthful nation gave nearly half a million of her sons to death and spent over a thousand millions of her treasure to uphold the cause which embraces Latin, Slav, and the entire English-speaking world, the United States and the British Empire, in a League not waiting to be formed but extant and active now. It will do justice to Serbia, never doubt, while bearing in mind the catastrophe which nearly made an end of France, the chief Latin nation, and of Italy, our creditor for the most precious values we call our own.

In such high and far-spreading lights we have to view the Dalmatian Question. It is one of nationality, say the Yugo-Slavs. Yes, and of strategy, of the general peace, of European progress towards the east, of gifts we can take thither and gifts we can bring home. But the governing consideration is Italian security, because

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on that all else depends, the Yugo-Slavs themselves depend. They never could imagine the great western Powers allied with them against Italy; it is too wild a dream. No dream, on the other hand, but a probable if not a sure fact of the immediate future will be the existence of eighty million Germans, reaching from the Baltic to the Alps and the Danube, with only a frail barrier of small Slav confederacies to check their farther advance. What is wanted, then, should they attempt to revive the old idea of Mittel-Europa, which carries with it Bohemian and Serbian slavery? There is wanted a strong Latin union extending from the Atlantic, firmly planted on the Alpine summits, and entrenched beyond the Adriatic. Beyond it, I repeat, since with it simply in front as a sea to be crossed the western Allies would be called on to win naval victories, or their equivalent, of the first magnitude. In other words, if the Slavs of north-east and south-west require, as they certainly do, the help of the Entente at their back, at once prompt and effectual, that help cannot be separated from them by waters which the Teuton enemy could swiftly dominate when his vast armies had overrun the narrow distances between the Upper Danube and the Illyrian Sea. This argument I consider as a masterproof, deciding the question in substance and effect. It is political in design, strategical in execution; and whatever be the exact method of giving it the force of fact, it determines how we shall judge the alliance necessary between Slavs, Italians, and the west, to prevent for evermore the creation of a Teutonic hegemony under which no kind of freedom, economic or other, could hope to survive.

Let us conclude, once for all, that the Dalmatian question is not merely or chiefly national but international; it is a question to be judged by the United States of Europe, whose very existence it affects. And every one of these general problems draws a limit, from the nature of the case, to individual rights and claims. Looking at the map which exhibits the Balkan lands, Greece and Italy, the Adriatic lying spread out between

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them like a smaller Mediterranean, we perceive that in a true sense it belongs to them all. Hence the naval supremacy over it must be such as will benefit them all. Greeks, Albanians, Yugo-Slavs, Italians, are bound to form an Adriatic Confederacy, not altogether unlike the Confederacy of Athens with islands and cities washed by the Ægean Sea, and for reasons of equal weight. The common enemy in those antique days was first Persia, afterwards Sparta. Write instead of these first the Sultan, then the Kaiser, and my suggested illustration will carry its own evidence. Shall we infer that a confederate Navy would solve the problem of security and nationality at one stroke? I can only answer in the Latin subjunctive mood, "Utinam!" Would that the League of Nations were strong enough and ripe enough to bear such excellent fruit! It may come in due season. Meanwhile, the difficulties need to be surmounted in a way less ideal. Each of the peoples dwelling near the Adriatic has put forward a demand upon some portion of its foreshore, with a view to harbours, commercial or military, or both; and each resents the seeming intrusion of foreigners into the sphere it claims. If not a fleet of Allies, then one particular Power must, by force of the reasons given above, control and defend the Adriatic on behalf of the Entente. Which of the nationalities concerned, except the Italian, could take in hand a task so costly and difficult as this would surely prove?

A distinguished Italian naval officer, Commander Roncagli, has lately given the world a pamphlet of rare value, translated into French, and surveying the Dalmatian question, under the title of *The Military Problem of the Adriatic*. He draws out in vivid detail, eschewing rhetoric, the reasons founded on geographical facts, and on the principles of maritime strategy, why no Italian Government could venture to leave the coast opposite Venice, Ancona and Brindisi in the keeping of a hostile Power, or not effectively controlled by Italian fleets and naval bases. The arguments thus brought into

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one seem very cogent ; by adding to them, from another point of view, considerations which lay beyond the writer's plan, but which have not escaped the eye of so well-equipped a student, we shall be led up to a vantage ground whence the general outlook on the defence of Italy will convince us that he is altogether justified in his pleading at large, whatever be the final decision of the Conference in Paris. For the nature of things, one aspect of which is world-geography, has indeed not failed to bestow on the "old Ænotrian Land" a sufficient defence ; but we must seek it elsewhere than in the great waters, Tuscan, Ionian or Adriatic, almost surrounding her, which leave her shores open to attack on every side. The defence of Italy is in her mountains—in montibus sanctis—that long majestic chain which from the borders of Savoy on the north-west down to the Bocche di Cattaro in the south-east sweeps round in a mighty curve and holds the Adriatic Gulf completely within it. Called by many names, these ranges of hills keep watch and ward over the plains of Piedmont, Lombardy and Venice, while in their outlying but real continuation towards Albania they protect the Adriatic fringe from attack on the side of the Balkans. Friends of Italian security quote Mazzini who argued in the fateful year 1866 that, "all great military authorities, up to Napoleon himself, have maintained as the only strong frontier of Italy the line traced by Nature along the summits of the mountains, which divides the waters that flow into the Black Sea from those that discharge themselves into the Adriatic basin." Or to borrow from an admirable writer in *Modern Italy* words of Cicero which, he says emphatically, are as true to-day as when they were uttered, "*Alpibus Italiam munierat antea natura, non sine aliquo divino numine.*" We may not unworthily believe that Providence has given to the dwellers in the Peninsula these high walls for ramparts, and the narrow passes between them for gates, where they might meet their friends with a welcome and their enemies with defiance. Commander Roncagli

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lays down the practical and necessary conclusion. "If the Italian boundary," he tells us, "be fixed at the watershed of the Julian and Dinaric Alps, as far as and beyond Cattaro, that would mean the driving of Austria from the Adriatic. Then, both shores being Italian, the defensive problem of that sea, and consequently of the Peninsula from that side, would be quite different from what it is now; moreover, it would partly be transformed into a problem of warfare by land."

Before turning to the objections, admittedly serious, which the Serbs who are taking the Austrians' place and responsibilities have been offering to this proposed solution, we may remind ourselves of the peril from north and east, German or Gothic, Hunnish, Slav, and Turk, in its various epochs, that Italy has been called upon to face during more than twenty centuries. The Yugo-Slavs do but inherit a very ancient lawsuit, if we may so term it, charged on their growing estate. Unless they consent to be lasting allies of the "Talianski" whom their war-cry would "Fling into the sea," they will figure in Roman and Lombard policy as the vanguard of a far mightier host—of Teutons, Hungarians and possibly Russians, moving always on towards the gates of the Alps with intent to go south and bask in the sun. As the writer in *Modern Italy* whom I praised a little while ago brings out most significantly, the Brenner Pass or Road, less than 5,000 feet high, has furnished a pathway to German invaders sixty-six times, and whatever foreign Power holds it keeps the keys of Italy. Ever since the anti-national Congress of Vienna in 1814, Austria has had them at her girdle; and even after the cession of Lombard and Venetia to the new kingdom she would not give them up. Hence during the late war Italy's all but desperate plight in checking the enemy's onset down the valley of Trent towards Verona; hence, too, the frightful combats among the Julian Alps, where the lowest of all the Alpine gates, known in German as that of the Birnbaumwald, between Laybach and Gorizia, rises to an elevation of only 2,900

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feet above sea-level. As the Brenner is the least difficult of mountain passes from the north, so this ancient way of Nauportus (connected in mythology with the return home of the Argonautic expedition) remains the danger-postern from the east. Who, then, is to hold it, the possible invader, a weak or even sympathetic neighbour of his, or the nation liable to assault from that direction ?

It is well understood that Italy shall henceforth command the Brenner, although on the southern slope live certain thousands who in race and speech are not Italian. The arguments drawn from demands of self-defence apply with no less cogency to the pass of Nauporto in the Julian Alps ; and this carries with it the genuine Italian city of Gorizia. But once we have allowed so much, we find ourselves compelled to take the step onwards which brings the coastline (it is little else) termed Dalmatia before our view. The whole extent of Dalmatia comes to less than 5,000 square miles—about five-sixths of the size of Yorkshire ; but the coast runs on in front of its mountain-walls pressing hard upon it for 210 miles ; and not a single one of its numerous fine cities can be pointed out as of other than Roman or Italian character and derivation. With Balkan tribes and the Slavonic type of life its connection is much later, and was long limited to the mountain districts. Rome and Venice have shaped its history, inspired its literature, and created its art. The city-states could learn nothing from a people like the Slavonic invaders, since these did not even take kindly to the Byzantines who ruled them while they formed part of the Eastern Empire.

If, then, from the strategical point of view, reinforced by unceasing historical proofs and instances, we deduce the claim of Italy to supreme dominion over the Alpine heights and their passes, we cannot refuse her pleading for control of the Adriatic, so sure and splendid in days when the Doge of Venice took that sea for his bride. The ring of the Bucentaur is even at this hour a living symbol of rights exceedingly precious and of a

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maritime rule that shall never pass away until nations are all blended in perpetual peace. For while the Adriatic divides, instead of uniting, East and West, how can we talk to Italians of security? Look at the map, I say once more. Dante speaks of his "umile Italia," the low-lying plains with seaward aspect familiar to him in his wanderings—the marshes of Ravenna, the long unbroken coast where no roadstead, and much less any large tranquil bay or shelter for ships, was to be found on the unlucky western shore of "turbulent Adria." We follow with interest and sympathy Commander Roncagli's description of the contrast between the lower and the higher banks of this narrow Mediterranean canal, where on one side all is a slightly shelving beach dipping into shallow waters, and on the other is a succession of marked headlands, islands, harbours secluded from attack, the fretted outline of Norway, or of the western Scottish coast, protected from the east, lighted and warmed by an Italian sun. All the advantage lies with Dalmatia, to which we join Istria, with Albania, Epirus and Greece. Neither for advance or retreat, nor for large or small vessels of war, is the Italian shore a good naval basis. The famous names of Venice, Ancona, Brindisi, Taranto, cannot yield a strategical centre comparable to such magnificent natural constructions as abound on the eastern side. It has been proposed to take an island such as Lissa, or the group round Curzola, by way of a grand naval station from which the defences of the Adriatic, both inside and out, should be directed in war-time. These positions, however, give no protection, but rather expose to imminent disaster, if the Italian fleet were thus put forward into the jaws of peril. Suppose—for the thing is quite possible—that Croatia, loyal as of old to the House of Habsburg so now to a domineering Pan-German Republic, made these innumerable hiding-places the home of countless enemy submarines in a future war of revenge, what would happen to the Italian Dreadnoughts "handcuffed," as the Commander exclaims with justice, to the shore of Lissa? The neighbourhood

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is a memory of ill omen; but any other island-plan would be as full of danger. Italy must plant a foot on either shore, if her intention be, as it undoubtedly is, to safeguard the Adriatic from conquest and herself from hostile incursions by sea.

But now let us hear objections. I have shown that Italy's claim is two-fold—international as a mandatory of the League of Nations, and national on her own plea for security. How the first argument is to be met I am unable to conjecture. It rests on the undeniable assertion that a Pan-German Republic or Empire, containing eighty millions of people, will be long a standing menace to Europe, and immediately to the leading Latin countries, Italy and France. Therefore, with absolute right, the French Government requires that her Rhine frontier shall be made safe. With equal right the Italian Ministry asks for dominion along the Alps and such a position in the Adriatic as shall remedy the defects of her unfortunate coastline. This, according to the best judgment of military and naval experts, will only be the case if, as the formerly secret but now notorious Treaty of 1915 conceded, she is put in possession—I quote the authorized words—not of “the whole of the Adriatic territory, which she has never dreamt of taking over, but of a portion extending about 200 kilometres, as determined by the length of the line which starts from the end of the Morlacca Channel, runs along the watershed of the Dinaric Alps, and following it southward as far as the sources of the rivers Cherca and Cetia, turns to the west and reaches the coast at Puncta Planta.” She leaves Albania free and independent.

Hereupon I read in *The Times*, which has all through the war strongly upheld the cause of Czecho-Slavs and Yugo-Slavs, with increasing applause from the public, a warning to both parties concerned. It welcomes the Yugo-Slav appeal to President Wilson, against which I have noted some weighty objections; but it describes the statements made of their territorial claims at Paris

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as extreme and unfortunate, deprecating their method as reprehensible. On the other hand, it condemns the Treaty of 1915 which, it goes on to remark, "assigns to Italy much territory that is entirely or overwhelmingly Southern Slav in racial character and in political aspiration." And it still recommends the Italian Government to accept Mr. Wilson as arbitrator. With regard to these points I observe that the arguments put forward by Commander Roncagli, by the writer in *Modern Italy*, and by advocates of Italian advance in Dalmatia like Signor Tommaso Sillani, have nothing in them of an appeal to treaties, early or late; they are founded on the plain facts of geography and history, and on Italy's right of self-defence. The assertion touching "territory which is entirely or overwhelmingly Southern Slav," amounts to an objection drawn from "nationality" and the implied demand for self-determination. It is serious in whatsoever degree it shall be found valid. The Yugo-Slav state, annexing Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Croatia, to a Serbia doubled in population by the Balkan campaigns, is entitled to accept the allegiance of a willing people. And the last thing a wise Italian policy would contemplate is the creation of "irredentisti" within its own borders. Equally must that be the conviction of travelled and enlightened Serbian statesmen, as they view whether the Italian cities of Dalmatia, or the peasant-folk of Carinthia, or the commercial seaports of Istria. Many elements enter into the final decision, not race alone, or language, or religion, or civilization, but all these together; and when *The Times* makes mention of "political aspiration," it brings in the question of ideals and the force of history. On that part of my subject I have touched only in passing. I would strongly commend to all who read Italian the delightful writings of Signor Sillani, his *Mare Nostrum* and *Lembi di Patria*, where by pen and pencil are illustrated the patently Italian characteristics of the land and people of Dalmatia; I should say rather of all that fringe, Alpine and Adriatic, which caught from Imperial

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Rome a splendour clouded by barbarian invasion, yet on the guarded sea-coast never totally eclipsed. Whatever the "political aspiration" of races held down so long by Turk, Magyar and Teuton, they should know that Italy is their best, as she must be their nearest friend. These millions are faced with two alternatives; they will either come into the light of Europe, and recognize Italy as the lampbearer that she ever has been to young aspiring peoples, or they will relapse into the serfdom and the darkness of Teuton Kultur. By themselves, it is evident, they cannot frame the most desirable order of things. Their happy future, which we all hope and pray for, will be determined not simply by race, or valour; it will take its quality from the ideals of Western civilization, the head and front of which is Rome.

So let the Conference decide as it may, giving more or less of the Adriatic oriental coast into Italy's keeping; but surely the view which has been outlined in the preceding pages deserves careful consideration. Whatever be the event, I know that the Roman is once more turning his glances eastward; and that we are justified in saying, "Ex occidente lux." Germany is in dissolution, Russia the prey of anarchy. What is left? To the "solid Liberal West," as I have named it elsewhere, the treasures of humanity are now confided. That is the axiomatic truth I would bring home to my Serbian and Bohemian friends. None of us feels envy at the prospect of Italy advancing to a third Renaissance which shall be for the world's good, as when her Cæsars put the cross above their crown and her Popes celebrated the reconciliation of Christian training with a devotion to the best in classic antiquity. How at last, shall we define the Dalmatian Question? It is, I answer, the question of opening a door from the west into the immeasurable world of Slavdom. We will send light thither, not chains; and Italy shall be our Lady of the Lamp.

WILLIAM BARRY.

CHAPLAINS IN THE GREAT WAR

FATHER DENIS DOYLE, S.J.*

DENIS DOYLE, County Wexford by descent, was born at Kimberley, 1878, and went as a boy to St. Aidan's College, Grahamstown. Coming to England, he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Manresa ; and, later, passed two years in Malta and then five years at Stonyhurst. After a long sea-voyage in quest of health, he went to St. Beuno's and was ordained in 1911. Then he returned to Manresa, going thence, in 1915, to the Camp in Richmond Park, and crossing over to France, in the November of that year, a commissioned Chaplain.

"As a Religious," testifies one of his fellows, "he was very observant of the Rules, and inclined to strictness in enforcing obedience from others"—a true son of the soldier Saint. His devotion to duty in the field was "a foregone conclusion," the kind of foregone conclusion which Mr. Howells did not ken, but which the war taught us to count upon in a priest. Men writing home said that the Padre deserved the V.C., not once but many times. His letters home, written hurriedly in pencil, give us a glimpse of him as he finds his way through a communication-trench to succour the dying in the firing-line :

"Someone—a N.C.O.—shouts 'Gangway for the priest.' A silly thing to do. One poor fellow stands up too much and immediately receives a bullet through the brain. . . . Only a few days before he had told me he had a wife and three children, and I said 'Oh that is good, they will be praying for you.' He was only out a week. That same evening I had my first experience of being sniped at. A young officer was walking on my left, and he cheerfully remarked, 'You'll be getting the bullets meant for me, Padre, as they are coming on your

* Compiled from records collected by the Rev. P. Chandlery, S.J.

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side. Later I met on the road a fine Scotch boy, an engineer, whom I had got to know quite well. He observed, 'I wonder whose turn it will be to-night, Father?' 'I hope not yours,' I said. 'Anyhow you are ready' (he was a real saint). 'I've tried to be,' he replied. Two hours later he was at my feet unconscious and dying. It is the suddenness of it all that is so appalling.

"One day, under a heavy bombardment, my orderly came to tell me a working party of our regiment had been caught by a shell in a ruin almost opposite. I shall never forget the sight. We got them to the first-aid post; then I went up to one man terribly wounded. As soon as he saw me, a wonderful look of recognition came into his eyes, the only part of his face visible owing to the bandages, and he put out both his hands and squeezed mine. I gave him Absolution and anointed him. Then he fumbled with his pocket, and with my help took out a notebook with letters from home and one to his wife. He waved his hand, meaning 'send these,' and pointed to Heaven. He then made the Sign of the Cross, folded his arms across his breast, and so dies.

"The next night an officer of the Engineers told me that a young Catholic boy of his company was looking for me. I went out and met quite a boy—not yet 17—overcome with shock and emotion. As soon as he saw me he put his arms round my waist and said: 'Oh, it's fine to meet a Catholic priest.' I led him away and he told me all about it—how he had seen his brother, a youth of 19, killed by a shell, as together they were driving a transport wagon. We got his brother's body into a place of safety, and I put the poor boy near the fire in a dug-out, warmed him, and kept him there for an hour or two.

"The devotion and preparedness to die of the Leinsters is really touching beyond words. I made a compact with them, that whenever I passed them in the trenches or in the danger zone, they could be sure that they were getting Absolution; and now when I pass they salute

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and lift their caps just for a second to show me they remember."

One of his last letters was written to a nun in Rotherham Village Convent :

"Thank you above all for the badges, which came just as the men were clamouring for them, as we were all making the Novena to the Sacred Heart. As you know, every Irishman has an intense devotion to the Sacred Heart. The second day we moved up to the trenches, and I said to those who were quartered in a ruined château, 'Boys, put me up an altar for Mass to-morrow.' I went later to see what they were doing, and was surprised at their work. They had made a regular sanctuary and altar in the wood. The centre-piece of the altar was a large picture of the Sacred Heart, on trees at the sides other pictures, a communion-rail, too, with a little gate leading into the sanctuary, had been erected. The Corporal who superintended the work—a real saint—was killed just two days after.

"The Sunday within the octave of the Sacred Heart we were in a small town, and had a grand church-parade. The church was packed, more than 1,000 present I should say. . . . Again we are on our way to the trenches after a long march yesterday. We have done nothing for the past three weeks but move from position to position—a kind of phantom regiment. However, we are doing our bit in perplexing the Germans and inflicting damage, not without being damaged ourselves.

"Only one little story can I tell you. A few days ago we suffered a great bombardment. I went along the communication-trench and was told one of my boys wanted to see me. I hastened on and met him carried on a stretcher. He opened his eyes and said: 'Oh, Father, Father!' The stretcher was put down and I put my crucifix to his lips. He raised his head and kissed it with intense devotion, and, as I drew it away, he exclaimed: 'Oh, no,—again, again, Father!' Then his act of contrition, the Last Sacraments, and he was carried off:—a bit of his foot had been blown away, leg

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shattered, arm badly damaged, a small hole in the head—a mere boy of 18. His devotion to the crucifix brought tears to the eyes of the stretcher-bearers—all Protestants—and of two of my own men.”

Private W. J. Duffy, of the Leinster Regiment, writing in reference to Father Doyle's death, says: “Fr. Doyle was dearly loved by the Leinsters, to whom he was devotedly attached. He told us one evening in the course of a short lecture that he had an uncle shot in '48 because of his opposition to the then prevailing laws. He pointed out this fact as an example of the revolution of feeling which had taken place in Ireland. Poor Fr. Doyle was most insistent on accompanying the battalion for the purpose of attending the wounded and dying. Shells were falling with hellish fury at the time, whilst our lads continued to advance with unflinching courage. Some fragments caught him on the legs and body, lacerating his limbs badly. Although medical relief was instantly at hand and promptly administered, poor Fr. Doyle did not rally, but passed peacefully away the same day, a priest from another division being with him when he died. He was a beloved soggart, saintly of soul and angelic of heart.”

The late Major A. D. Murphy, who was in command of the 2nd Leinsters, wrote: “I feel it my duty to let you know how much we appreciated Fr. Doyle's splendid services in the regiment, and how sadly we miss him. He had been with us now for nearly eight months, and during that time he won the respect and admiration of all ranks and all men. His energy and his devotion to his sacred duty were wonderful, and I have no hesitation in saying he was the most conscientious chaplain that I have yet had the pleasure to meet. I feel myself that I have lost a friend whom I could trust anywhere, and whom I had known and respected for years.”

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FATHER JOHN GWYNN, S.J.*

For many years before the outbreak of war, Father Gwynn was one of the governing body at University College, Dublin; but, as soon as the war began, he volunteered to act as Chaplain on active service. In the first week of November, 1914, he was attached to the 1st Battalion Irish Guards, and joined it forthwith, having, as he often said afterwards, but little idea of what his work would be. He was our first war-time Chaplain, so there were no precedents to follow, and he had to strike out his own line. When he joined us he found the Battalion resting and re-equipping in a little French village, for it had come through very bad days at Ypres, and was greatly reduced in officers and men. We remained in this village until the week before Christmas, and during this rest we were reinforced by large drafts from home. Father Gwynn at once set to work to get to know the men, and very quickly they understood each other, for he and they were Irishmen. His tact and judgment gained for him the confidence of officers and men; and, after a very few days, he settled into his new surroundings as if he had been in them from the beginning.

From Christmas week onwards the Battalion was employed in trench warfare, and underwent its many vicissitudes. Father Gwynn shared with us every hardship and trial throughout the wet winter; he lived with us and became part of the Battalion. When we were in the trenches or in action he stayed with the Medical Officers and the Battalion Regimental Aid Post, near the headquarters—the place to which wounded men are

* A relative of the late Major Lord Desmond FitzGerald (who lost his own life in 1916) writes: "This paper was written during the arduous, anxious days of November, 1915, whilst Desmond FitzGerald was home, wounded by the same shell which killed his beloved Padre, Father Gwynn. It was but a heart-tribute paid to a cherished friend, ere he hastened back to duty in France; and it was intended only to be read by the men of the 1st Battalion of Irish Guards, to whom Padre and Adjutant were equally devoted. Its inclusion amongst the short, proud records of 'Chaplains of the Great War' seems, however, not to be unfitting, although under happier circumstances it would have had the advantage of the writer's revision."

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taken for first dressings. At other times he would share the Medical Officers' dug-out, so that he might lose no time if a man were wounded, but go to him if need be at any moment of the day or night. During the day he would constantly go round the trenches, even when they were being shelled, and visit and talk to the men, heedless of his own danger.

When the Battalion was in billets or resting he would hold services, hear confessions, or give help to any man in his own billet, or in the local churches. Often those churches in which he held his services had had their roofs blown off by German shells. He was ready, too, to take an active part in any concerts or sports for the men, and employed his spare time in training some of them to form a choir to sing at his services. As far as was humanly possible he attended all the wounded and dying; and he invariably read the burial-service over men who were killed, even when it meant, as often it did—especially after the British advance in September—that he must stand up at night in the open on a battle-field swept by bullets.

On February 6th, 1915, Father Gwynn was slightly wounded by a shell which burst near him. He was shaken, but remained at duty. In April and early May he suffered much from lumbago, but pluckily stayed at work till the middle of May when, completely crippled, he was carried into hospital on a stretcher. He was absent two months, staying at different French hospitals. During that time another Chaplain was posted to the Battalion, but Father Gwynn returned in mid-July before he was really fit to do so. By sheer force of will, and the necessary amount of care, he gradually regained a great part of his normal health, but he was never quite so strong as he had been before his illness. Nevertheless, from the moment he returned he took up the work he had begun, and continued it right up to his death. In October, 1915, we were employed in holding and consolidating the trenches captured from the Germans, and those days were some of the most unpleasant in our

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experience. At this time, if possible more than at any other, did Father Gwynn show the most splendid courage, and unselfish care for the men. Certain portions of the line came in for vigorous shelling, and the trench was often blown in by aerial torpedoes, which in some cases buried a number of men; at the worst place would be found Father Gwynn, always ready to help the wounded or to administer the Blessed Sacrament to the dying. He made it his unaltering practice to write to the relations of any man who had fallen, and in this way his words brought comfort to many desolate Irish homes. Thus each day he did his work.

On October 11th, 1915, he was at luncheon in the headquarters dug-out with four companions, when a German shell landed and burst in the doorway. Father Gwynn received many wounds in different parts of the body and one piece of shell struck his back and pierced a lung. That same shell also wounded our Commanding Officer, so that he too afterwards died, and slightly wounded another. Luckily the Medical Officer was present and Father Gwynn's wounds were at once dressed; and, although he was in great pain, he was only unconscious for a few minutes. The stretcher on which he lay was carried with difficulty down a long communication-trench—in many places blown in by German shells—and eventually reached the motor-ambulance that took him to the Officers' Hospital at Béthune, where he received every possible attention. But it was the end. He died at eight o'clock next morning, October 12, 1915, from wounds and shock. He was buried in Béthune cemetery, where lie so many other officers and men who have likewise given their lives for their country. The burial service was read by Mgr. Keatinge. All the men would have wished to be present, but few could be spared. Yet many officers and men of other units managed to be there. It can truly be said that the news of his death was felt as a blow by every officer, N.C.O., and man, and each one realized the loss, not merely of their Chaplain, but of a dearly loved friend.

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A monument of marble has been raised over his grave, which bears this inscription :

This monument has been erected by all ranks of the 1st Batt. Irish Guards in grateful remembrance of their beloved Chaplain, Father Gwynn, who was with them on Active Service for nearly twelve months, and shared with unfailing devotion all their trials and hardships.

Father Gwynn was fortunate in his death and in the cause for which he died, and also fortunate, as he often said, in finding in the 1st Battalion of Irish Guards a splendid and worthy field for his work—a body of men capable of vision and of inspiration as well as of courage and faith. By his deeds, which cannot be expressed in words, he has left to those who saw him at work an indelible memory of an inspiration. “May his soul rest in peace !”

DESMOND FITZGERALD.

FATHER BERTIE COLLINS

“I am hungry for souls.” Those were the last words I remember Father Bertie saying to me. It was the August of 1914. War had been proclaimed, and he was speaking of his desire to volunteer as a Military Chaplain. How eager he was ! “There will be need of chaplains,” he said, “and if Father Bans were back, I would, with the Archbishop’s and Mother’s permission, volunteer at once.” And then, with a look in his eyes that I like to recall—visioning perhaps the fields where his desire would be *satisfied*—he added, with intense earnestness, the words above : “I am hungry for souls.”

When he was a little boy, his cry had been : “I must be a Priest, I want to be a Priest, and help to save souls.” It is good to think how faithful to his desire had been the merry Padre of the trenches, singing comic songs to keep up the hearts of his sorely-pressed comrades, or tramping the bloodstained fields to comfort with the Supreme Comfort his dying “boys” of the Black Watch. “I

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wish I had the pen of a poet, to write of him, so noble and true, great and simple," writes one who knew him from babyhood. "I had the honour of holding him at the font; Herbert John were the names given. Well I remember the thought and prayer in my heart that God would grant the boy a vocation, and make him a truly holy priest. It was my daily prayer, and month by month down went his name on the Intention Sheet of the Apostleship of Prayer: 'Vocations, Herbert John Collins.' What joy and gratitude filled my heart as his desire for the priesthood developed. I remember my mother telling me that sometimes, when he was a child, she sat and watched him with joy, and a kind of awe, fancying that she could dimly realize *something* of what our Blessed Lady felt when she watched Her Divine Child at play. Whenever I met him, there was always that feeling of nearness to God."

From another friend comes a somewhat similar experience, when the boy had become a priest: "Father Bertie was absolutely the life and soul of a party for children. One could almost feel their quiver of delight when he took possession of the piano, or went into the midst of them to make, and share in the fun, ready to be a rollicking child with the best of them, teaching them plays and taking every part himself to perfection—servant, mistress, brigand, hero, clown; and yet all the time there was a certain *heavenliness* about him, and when the fun was over and he sat down by a friend to rest, there came the sense of the nearness of his soul to God." No doubt his success with his beloved soldiers was of the same kind—they were all very dear children to him and God.

He did not attain to this without effort. A Religious remembers: "Every now and again Bertie would write from college, when preparing for the priesthood, to ask for prayers that God would make him what he ought to be." Some years before his ordination he was in doubt as to whether he should proceed for the Doctorate. "My Superiors want me to do so," he said, "but *you*

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know that, as long as I can remember, my desire has been to help in hard mission work, to go into the homes of the poor, to work in the midst of the slums, etc. Besides," he added, "I have seen vocations wrecked in going in for the Doctorate." A brief holiday in Ireland was all in the day's work; for it gave him the chance of accompanying his host, a parish priest, upon many of his rounds. There was even the little lesson in etiquette; for Bertie's boyish-looking straw hat was not approved—he might be mistaken for a youthful parson! So a Roman-clerical felt hat was lent for the occasion, altogether too large, but sufficiently available when padded with two newspapers. "How I enjoyed looking something like an Irish P. P.," he said; and I may add how he enjoyed my look of wonderment when he came to see me in the imposing hat. I was staying in Ireland at the time, and he was on his way to Mount Melleray for a week's retreat—a part of the brief holiday. . . . Once I ventured to ask him how it was he got on so well with so-and-so? "Well," he answered, after a little pause, "it is not difficult for me. First of all, one of my Ordination resolutions was to try to find something to admire in everyone with whom I had to work, and God seems to have given me this grace; you can always, if you look for it, find there *is* something to be found."

One or two memories of a tour in Switzerland remain. He said Mass in little disused chapels on the mountain side—the difficulties, or drawbacks, were not dwelt upon, only the delight of being able, as it were, to scatter the graces of the shedding of the Precious Blood around these obscure places. At a boarding house, he found out that five of the servant girls were Catholics not practising their religion. Early one morning, probably when starting out for his mountain-side Mass, he saw one of the girls cleaning the doorstep, and stopped to say a few kind words to her. After breakfast the girl asked to see him, saying that no one before, who stayed there, had ever taken the trouble to show interest in the servant girls, and that all five had made up their minds

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to go to confession, if he would hear them! That little regiment of five souls, led back to grace through his means, gave a veritable radiance to his holiday. His own comment amounted to no more than: "Jolly, to have been able to cheer them up a bit in their hard life of drudgery"; but somehow the look of his face made his auditor think of the light on the mountains, in the early morning, a reflection from the Everlasting Hills.

Then followed his part in the London Crusade of Rescue as the assistant of Father Bans of St. Vincent's in the Harrow Road. Once again he is abroad "Somewhere in France"—his last "tour" for *souls*! Letters came from him: "I am very busy getting my boys to their Easter duties. We are fortunately out of the trenches, so that I have a better chance of giving them the Sacraments. . . . We have lost a lot of the brave boys. It is very sad to lose them, especially after getting to know them so well." . . . "The boys are simply wonderful, they smile most of their troubles away, and their courage overcomes every hardship."

The following further tributes are taken from letters not published till now:

Without fear of exaggeration, he was the most popular Chaplain of whom I have heard in the two-and-a-half years I have spent in the Army. His labours were spent among exclusively Scotch troops; no single officer in his battalion was a Catholic, and but a small minority of the men. He had, however, many Catholics, all told, in the other regiments of the brigade. I mention this as showing the power of his wonderful personality to thus draw non-Catholic troops so closely to him. The men's letters home are full of his praises, and of great personal sorrow for his loss; and to me, perhaps, more than to others, as a Chaplain, has been given the privilege of listening to the story of the comfort and kindness he has diffused around him. The officers of the battalion cannot say too much in his honour; he was the personal friend of each and everyone, from the subaltern to the Colonel; and the latter has, time and again, told me that the loss of the Padre was more poignant and lasting than that of any other officer who fell that same day. In fact the Colonel has been saddened ever since

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that morning, for in his own words the loss of Father Collins is not confined to the battalion and brigade, but to the whole division, by whom he was held in the utmost esteem and love. As an instance showing this I may mention that the Presbyterian Chaplain had a memorial service, in which all the officers of that religion took part, to honour his memory.

The Black Watch was the Regiment chosen to go "over the top," in the attack of April 9th, 1917. On Sunday Father Bertie Collins begged the Colonel to let him go with his men; but the Colonel preferred him to remain where he was, and he acquiesced. Later, he accompanied the doctor to assist him to find a spot, further forward, for an aid-post, but his principal desire was to see if any of his beloved Black Watch were there, dying and in need of him. A shell exploded at his feet. Death was instantaneous.

Another Priest and comrade writes :

Many, many times we sought one another to share our trials and consolations—to hear each other's confessions, to split the last of the wine, so that we would have enough for a Mass each. Many a time he came to my assistance when time was short, to hear confessions, while I said Mass, or *vice versa*; to plan where he should go, and where I should go, so that we could get all the wounded between us in the next big fight. The old comradeship! which did *me* good, at any rate. Here I am, "crooked," decorated by men—while he has died gloriously to get his decoration from the Divine Master. I cannot grumble at the difference—it was the Divine Justice, now as always. *He* deserved it. What a glorious end! I feel more inclined to pray to him than for him—the gentle zealous martyr, strong in courage, strong in principle, strong in faith, but gentle towards everyone. May he rest in peace, and be there to welcome his old comrade-in-arms when the *revueille* sounds for him! . . . And so, to use his own oft-written words from the Front, "au revoir, dear mon Père."

"From the commanding officer, down to the plain Tommy, we shall never forget the Padre"; "I cannot express to you how we all loved him"—so the brave boys of whom he had written now wrote of him. Many such appreciations have already been published; and no finer tribute among them all than the letter of his Archbishop, Cardinal Bourne.

A. H. B.

THE LAW OF PROHIBITION

YET are there nooks of vine
In little furtive vineyards that escape
The righteous Law, and foster for its wine
The altar-destined grape ?

In hiding, day by day,
In Western suns the sweetening cluster fills,
As in the league-long vintage far away
On European hills.

Yet does the Law abide.
Christ comes but to fulfil it, as before.
The wine within the chalice need not hide,
For it is wine no more.

ALICE MEYNELL.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

THE tendency of much political thought and economic effort towards the Servile State—an organism wherein the Few will enjoy wealth, power and liberty, because they have managed to satisfy the desire of the labouring Many for comfort and security—was primarily detected and denounced by a Catholic publicist, Mr. Hilaire Belloc. He was able to do this because his native genius was thoroughly seized of the Catholic spirit which reckons liberty as the highest of God's gifts, and material things as valuable only because they create the conditions for the exercise of liberty. He has shown us that the propertyless classes in all countries are equivalently slaves, because they have nothing to maintain life but their labour, and their labour is regarded by those who own wealth as a mere means for making wealth grow. They are slaves because they have no possessions, and they will remain slaves, whether capital remains in the hands of its present holders or the State becomes the sole owner, for Socialism is no preventive of the Servile State. Its contradictory is either Bolshevism, with the workers ruling and the *bourgeoisie* thrust into their former position of dependence, or else the ideal of Christianity, whereby human dignity is everywhere recognized, wealth properly distributed, and the extremes of excessive riches and excessive poverty effectually destroyed. This has always been the ideal; but, partly from historical causes, partly because Catholics have often misinterpreted the implications of their creed, and partly because they too have been infected with the prevalent worship of Mammon, this teaching has not been consistently and adequately presented to the modern world till our own times. In this country, we have had as leaders the late Charles Stanton Devas, Mr. Hilaire Belloc and others. In the States we are glad to notice the growth of a powerful school of Catholic sociologists of whom Dr. Ryan of the Catholic University is the chief, ably seconded by the staff of *America*.

The World Problem

One of these, Father Joseph Husslein, S.J., has lately issued a valuable statement of the remedies for various social diseases, calling it *The World Problem: Capital, Labour and The Church* (Kenedy), which should help greatly in the formation of sound views and practical policies. The Catholic knows that he lives in a fallen world and so he expects no Utopias: but he knows, besides, that the world has been redeemed, and that redemption is within reach of society no less than of the individual. So he sets no limits in his aspirations after social betterment and does not acquiesce in the continuance of any human ill which is remediable. In this book the author takes the world as he finds it and does not contemplate any radical reconstruction of industrial conditions. There will still be capitalists and workers, and the problem is to determine, in the light of Christian principles, their just relations. But he examines carefully the various systems, old and new, suggested as substitutes for the present—the familiar Socialism, Syndicalism, Democratic Control, Nationalization, Co-operation—and shows that safety lies, as always, in the middle course. The evils of capitalism and of the wage-system can be remedied without destroying either. The author discusses the many aspects of the problems with brevity indeed, but with no less clearness. Christian Democracy, which favours as wide a distribution of personal and private property as possible and encourages co-operation, whilst allowing State or municipal ownership of certain public-service utilities, is the ideal he advocates. It is no class system, but embraces the whole population. It consecrates the principles of mutual service, solidarity of interests and brotherhood. And it is based firmly upon the Gospel of Christ.

At the opening of Parliament the King's speech contained certain startling admissions, not new in substance but gaining much emphasis from their position which should be a source of reproach to everyone concerned. "Before the War [said King George speaking for his Ministers], poverty, unemployment, inadequate

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housing and many *remediable* ills existed in our land." Why were they not remedied? Because, it is suggested, of the class struggle; a struggle of the Many for decent conditions of life from which they were shut out by the Few. That, said the King, must no longer go on; "We must stop at no sacrifice of interest or prejudice to stamp out unmerited poverty, to diminish unemployment and mitigate its sufferings, to provide decent homes, to improve the nation's health and to raise the standard of well-being throughout the community." That can mean nothing else than the bringing up of the conditions of life to the level required by human beings. Catholics, bound down by the tyranny of tradition, need such books as Father Husslein's to see how far vast multitudes of their fellow-creatures have fallen below that level and how they can be raised.

J. K.

IT is a little hard to see what end, commensurate to the pains taken, is served by Mr. H. C. Barnard's *The Port-Royalists on Education* (Cambridge University Press) following on the heels of the same writer's *Little Schools of Port-Royal*. The earlier book, in spite of its subject, was an exhilarating monograph, and Mr. Barnard a sufficiently critical historian of the methods and moods of Jansenist pedagogy. In fact so prettily did he handle his qualified enthusiasm for Port-Royal that the reader thoroughly enjoyed the legerdemain, while it lasted, and as thoroughly endorsed its conclusion: "It was really fortunate for the Little Schools that their life was so short and that no opportunity was offered for the extension of their teaching." On this showing, however, the present book, a series of passages from the educational writings of the Port-Royalists themselves, lacks justification, the more so as Mr. Barnard's office is limited to providing the Preface, Introduction, Notes, Index and English rendering of his chosen excerpts. All this he does very competently. It is, for all that, a cruel competence, a competence which only accentuates

The Port-Royalists

the pathetic intrusiveness of such theoretic as this upon the art and practice of the twentieth century. That a modern education-list should present Port-Royal to the teacher of to-day is precisely as embarrassing as the revival of a troupe of performing bears would be to a patron of the Stage Society. It is a kind of inhumanity to put such actors through their archaic paces; and it could have been wished that Saint-Cyran, Nicole, Lancelot and the Arnaulds had been suffered to growl themselves to sleep in the oblivious pit of their historic heresy.

Mr. Barnard, however, gives three reasons for their revival: "The contribution which the Port-Royalists made to the cause of education . . . and the influence which they exerted not only in France but in other countries also." "It is interesting," he says, "to note the wideness of the appeal which Port-Royal has made . . . one touch of Port-Royal makes the whole world kin. . . . It is surely not without significance that writers so diverse as an eminent literary critic like Sainte-Beuve, a Unitarian minister like Charles Beard, a lady of marked protestant and evangelical views like Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, a 'High-Church' clergyman like Henry Morgan, an impartial historian like Dr. Mary E. Lowndes, and—one may perhaps be pardoned for adding—an ordinary schoolmaster like the present author, should all have found in the writings of the Port-Royalists something to attract and to inspire." It is in the hope of appreciating the significance of this Babel bibliography—for all these pantheosophical littérateurs have written books on Port-Royal—that the Catholic reader, who would hardly seek for the figs of inspiration on the thistles of heresy, might be led to follow up the aims and attainments epitomized in Mr. Barnard's introduction and amplified in his corpus of quotation.

"I had conceived the design," said Saint-Cyran, the prime disciple of Jansen, "of building a house which should be a sort of seminary for the Church, in order there to preserve the innocence of children without which I

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always recognized that they could with difficulty become good clergy." "It is at this point," comments Mr. Barnard, "that the first connection is made between Jansenism and education." The connection, that is, between the training of the heirs of God for their passage through His world to their heavenly inheritance and "the gloomy doctrine of predestination, the terror and contempt of the actual world and a puritanical distrust of beauty" which, according to our candid author, characterized Jansenism. It was really fortunate, as Mr. Barnard might have said, that the seminary aim did not hit its mark. No second Saint-Cyran arose whose preaching—and preaching was for Saint-Cyran "a far more terrible mystery than the Eucharist"—should convince the world of predestination. The most noteworthy pupil of the Little Schools was Racine, and Port-Royal's dealings with the playwright are best summed up in the old jingle of *King Lear* :

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

The cuckoo apologized in the end ; and two other *alumni*, Du Fossé, a hagiographer in a small way, and Tillemont, the church historian, left names behind them. Only 250 children passed through the schools in all. The girls' schools had nothing in common with the boys' schools, save the doctrinal vagaries in which they were bred and fostered by the same director ; and a usage of the teaching methods invented by the men. Pascal's fashion of teaching children to read, set forth here in extracts from Arnauld and Guyot, is far and away the most practical counsel of a book of which the practical counsels are out-classed by moral maxims. The sanest specimens of each can be traced to far higher sources, beginning at Quintilian and the Early Fathers and descending through Erasmus and Pierre de la Ramée. Montaigne and Rabelais are quite untapped ; the former's dislike of the *livresque* and the scientific curiosity of the latter being equally suspect. Concerning astronomy and other sciences Port-Royal was

The Port-Royalists

opposed to modern estimates: "It is better to be ignorant of these subjects than to be ignorant that they are useless."

The women of Port-Royal seem to have taken to heart Agnès Arnauld's admonition to Jacqueline Pascal, "Humility and silence constitute the lot of our sex." Of all, that is to say, save those two abbesses themselves; for the *Constitutions* of the one and the *Règlement pour les Enfants* of the other are inclined in all their unbearable *longueurs*. The life these documents embody was designed, Mr. Barnard admits, less as a benefit which could be conferred on the pupil than as a penance which should prove a valuable aid to the spiritual development of the teacher. Incidentally it set out to preserve little girls from the contagion of the world's slow stain until the age of sixteen, when they either became nuns or left; ill-fitted in the latter case by their training, which aimed at being moral but was avowedly neither intellectual nor practical, to cope with "that place of execution," "that river of blood," "that great hospital full of patients"—the world. Of the disciplinary methods which bulk so largely in the girls' rule there is one at least which has made its mark in England: "The youngest and middle-school girls may be made to wear labels which show their fault and which should be inscribed in large letters . . . *Idle*; *Careless*; *Storyteller*; etc." That Charlotte Brontë's Lowood, and Dickens' Salem House, were attracted and inspired by Port-Royal would seem to be proved by the phylactery inscribed *Slattern* bound round the forehead of Helen Burns and the paste-board *Take care of him. He bites*, strapped to the back of David Copperfield.

If it is thought unfair to carp at these bygone foibles, though they challenge criticism by their recrudescence, let us consider rather the "spirit of Port-Royal"—that vaunted hark-back to the inspiration of the Early Fathers, especially of St. Augustine. Take two points out of the hundred which invite comparison: the attitude of the Christian teacher towards pagan literature and the

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attitude of the Christian pupil towards his Christian family. On behalf of the Early Fathers let St. Basil appraise classical letters—the leaves, he says, which come out before the fruit of the Faith, shade its tender growth, and set off its mellow perfection; and compare his quaint generosity with the following story from Lancelot's *Mémoires*. M. de Saint-Cyran, entering a school-room “with his customary cheerfulness and light-heartedness,” found the children studying Virgil. Now M. de Saint-Cyran himself always used to repeat the exorcisms of the Church over a classical author before opening the book. “You see all these beautiful lines?” said he. “In composing them Virgil achieved his own damnation because he made them in a spirit of vanity for the sake of glory; but as for you, you must win salvation by learning them in the spirit of obedience.” The Jesuits were more of St. Basil's mind; “for they,” says Sainte-Beuve, “wrote *Domino Musisque sacrum* over the doors of their schools.”

Speaking of the Society brings us to the second point, the relation between the scholar and his kindred. Mr. Barnard tells with considerable gusto the time-honoured story, always a stumbling-block to the Gentiles, of the scholastic who refused to shake hands with, or look at, his mother, “not because you are my mother but because you are a woman.” This legendary hero he provides, from the useful pages of M. Compayré, with a local habitation and a name, “John Baptist von Schulthaus of the Jesuit college at Trent”; he even implies that the failure to distinguish between the *species* “mother” and the *genus* “woman”—a lapse certainly as discreditable to the logic as to the manners of John Baptist—gives a notion of the Society's ideals. For a notion of St. Augustine's ideals we might look up that peerless chapter of *De Ordine* where St. Monica is urged to take part in her son's philosophy class as Cassiciacum. Mr. Barnard tells the story of the Duchesse de Guise who “did not feel herself sufficiently inclined to refrain from interference and completely surrender her son,” where-

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upon Saint-Cyran would have nothing whatever to do with him. Moreover, there is the rule of Port-Royal for the little girls "who were only allowed to remain alone with father and mother in the reception room a very short time." Quintilian would surely have sided with the Duchess; but the Port-Royalists, so gravely in Quintilian's intellectual debt, seem to have had their doubts of the pagan's ethical soundness and preferred, as far as possible, to keep parents and children apart. They were nothing if not eclectic.

Certainly the inspiration of St. Augustine, that great wind of the Spirit, hardly stirred the miasma of Port-Royal. Not for nothing is the name itself a corruption of *porrois*; from the Low Latin *porra*, a stagnant pond. Over the whole enterprise hangs an air of unhinged Quixotry astray in a land accursed. That land is curiously like the malarious *mise en scène* of Browning's *Childe Roland*. In fact as an allegory of Jansenism the whole poem is uncannily complete. That stiff blind horse met by the bewildered knight in the swamp, that horse "thrust out past service from the devil's stud"—what is it but the soul of man in the sight of Port-Royal?

How then do we account for Mr. Barnard's partiality; and the partiality of M. Sainte-Beuve, Mr. Charles Beard, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, the Rev. Henry Morgan, and the rest? It can be put down, I think, to that odd tenderness non-Catholics always show towards those whom they regard as the Promethean victims of Roman thunder. The strayed sheep of the One True Fold always ends as the stalled ox of Protestant *belles-lettres*. Such errant subjects as Abelard and Erasmus leap to the mind. In each case, it is the error and not the subjection that allures; and the error and not the subjection that is emphasized. Port-Royal, with an orbit still more remote from the central sun, attracts all the other wanderers in space. Hence these myriad memoirs. It is a sobering thought that even Mrs. Schimmelpenninck and Mr. Beard have remained half a century in the Bodleian, uncut.

H. P. E.

Some Recent Books

MR. G. H. TRENCH, in *A Study of St. John's Gospel* (Murray), makes no attempt to discuss any critical problem of the fourth Gospel at all. Indeed, he expressly disclaims the intention of doing so. He is acquainted, he says, with the Modernist school; but he ignores it; he adds the remark that its home is Germany. One does not refute objections by ignoring them. To throw in that little gibe, that the home of Modernist criticism is Germany, is becoming a common expedient among writers of one kind. It is not a very effective one. We must discuss questions of authenticity, and so on; we must meet serious difficulties, whether they are proposed in Germany or anywhere else. What does it matter who proposes an argument? What matters is the force of the argument. Nor, as a matter of fact, is Mr. Trench's statement true. There are plenty of Rationalist critics in France and England too; as a matter of fact, attack on the authenticity of the fourth Gospel began in England. Supposing, then, all the traditional positions about the fourth Gospel, Mr. Trench writes an elaborate commentary on it, verse by verse. The exact date of each occurrence is added in the margin, with a confidence that takes one's breath away. Mr. Trench is a great defender of the Papacy, and writes in defence of our view of the Rock text in St. Matthew xvi. 18 (with some not very accurate Hebrew and Syriac), though that text is not in the Gospel he discusses at all. He also seems to be an Astrologer; he knows a great deal about what will happen at the Millennium; much of what he says is uncommonly like what may be read in books by Theosophists.

We are told that it is the Catholic tradition that Our Lord Himself baptized His mother and St. Joseph; "and thus these two were illumined, even before John the Baptist, to the perception of the Trinity." He gives no hint as to where he has found this "Catholic tradition." Our Lady baptized! when the whole point of the Immaculate Conception is that God gave her all the grace of baptism at her Conception. His allusion to John the Baptist's "perception of the Trinity" shows that in

A Study of St John's Gospel

some way he has muddled up the baptism of John with the sacrament founded by Christ long afterwards. On another page we learn that *oriens ex alto* in the Benedictus (Lc., I, 78) means the star Semah of the primæval zodiac. Further on we are told that we are to "say boldly that the sacramental system is a system of magic, insisting on definite rites and formulæ of words, accompanied by intention on the part of the hierophant"—which is, of course, just exactly what sacraments are not. Again: "We may suppose that when the Holy Land is reoccupied by the Representatives of the reunited nation of Israel and Judah in the millennial age, the Mosaic Law will there (and of course there only) be observed in a perfection and with a loving devotion such as it never yet received. We may suppose that in the rebuilt Temple the Mosaic ritual will be observed as a type no longer obscure but fully comprehended; whilst in the same temple the Christian ritual of the Mass will be celebrated; and in both cases by a Christian Hebrew priesthood. Outside of Holy Land, the Christian ritual of the Mass will alone be observed." There is no harm in supposing. We have the Abgar story (Mr. Trench really should not call him Abgarus), told as solid history. The Greeks in John xii. 20 are probably Abgar's messengers. But Mâriab, Shmesgram, Hannân the "Tabulârâ," and the rest of those interesting though all too legendary persons were anything you like rather than Greeks. We are given a plan of the table of the last Supper, with the exact place of each Apostle marked. But perhaps the quaintest things in the book are the specimens of philological erudition. We are told that "the Hebrew language has no pluperfect tense, and the context alone decides whether the perfect tense is a past or a present or a future perfect." Quite true. The author has clearly seen the inside of a Hebrew grammar. He would be still more accurate had he said that no Semitic language has any tense, in our sense, at all. However, this Semitic lore is used to explain why certain Greek aorists are pluperfect in sense. There is no need to appeal to Hebrew to explain one of the commonest

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phenomena of all Greek, such as is explained in any school Greek grammar. All through the book we find Greek words added in brackets, where there is no special point in the Greek, and no earthly reason for appealing to it. As one example: "His witness is true (*ἀληθής*, true as to fact)." But what does he expect "true" to mean except "true to fact," and what other word than *ἀληθής* does anyone expect to find in Greek for "true," in any sense? The snippets of Hebrew, Aramaic and Syriac are even more strange. And he writes "Jehovah" always.

A. F.

IT is seldom that even a small book of poems is filled throughout with poetry. Yet the smallness of a volume thus eminently distinguished should leave the reader with no definite desire for more pages. Another book by all means, as fine and as brief as this; and then another and another. But in the sixty pages of *West Wind Days* (Erskine Macdonald), Miss May O'Rourke sets us a happy but not a trivial task of responsible appreciation. The admiration her poems excite is worth having, and the reader does not give it without some co-operation of thought; he must pay serious attention to every little page. And now and then a page is somewhat difficult, not by darkness but by depth. Difficulty to a certain degree in the work of an author whose head is certainly clear, and who has given some hours of thought to stanzas to which the reader gives some minutes, is not to be complained of. Let the reader give a few more minutes. And it is very rarely that Miss O'Rourke sets us something too much like a questionable question. When she does so the fault is probably due to the excessive and inexpert compression to which an inexperienced author is prone. The quality of Miss O'Rourke's work assures us that where her meaning (so rarely) baffles us, there is no confusion in her thought or carelessness in her writing.

Rather imaginative than fanciful in her range of poetry,

Miss O'Rourke's Poems

Miss O'Rourke has only two or three times written without very serious matter. Her poems take their place among the finest of the unquestionably fine group of recent war-poems; they are none the less war-poems because they are poems of loss and mourning, not of battle and of patriotism. But from her sense of death is never absent a peculiarly impassioned conviction of invincible life. The opening sonnet is:

In Memoriam: 1916.

Love and our dreams are over: Hope is dumb!
Your coffin closed the darkness on my hours,
Your grave has left its slime upon my flowers,
I live your death. With flagging feet and numb
I turn to paths—where you will never come.
To passing men—and your gaunt shadow towers
On all I meet—your words, like sudden showers,
Break through the hot wild clamour.

And when a drum
Mutters below my window, or a flute
Shrills the false merriment we bring to War,
Or fools' hoarse cheering blares across my peace—
I curse the thing that left you damp and mute
In alien mould—then suddenly know you are
Safer than I—and thank God on my knees.

It is a pity that one constructive rule for the sonnet in English—the emphatic pause between the octave and the sextet—has here not been observed. The Italian obligation as to rhymes, not too hard to comply with in a language so abounding in rhymes (greatly helped by the conjugations of regular verbs) as the Italian, should not be considered binding on the English poet. But the pause between the two parts of a sonnet is a matter not only of construction but of organism. It is organically important, and even ensures a relativity of thought, somewhat as the mere observance of hours in monastery life answers for lofty virtues. Nevertheless Miss O'Rourke has, for once, broken the rule without loss of the essential sonnet quality. To pass

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to other forms, there is exquisite imagery—the image as perfect as the thing signified—in *The Haven* :

There ships come in but none go out,
All wandering tides are locked ashore,
The quiet galleys swing about
On cables that shall slip no more.

Oh, the best thing is this, is this!
Their souls are near that shall not part—
No more shall wander, hail and miss
In the great waters' restless heart.

It is, besides, in single all-felicitous words that we recognize the undeniable poet: the "swept heart" of the communicant approaching the altar; or in such glimpses of landscape: "a little wood where small trees brush the sky"; "the unmaternal North." The little book is full of such things and better. But its greatness is in its intellectual imagination.

A. M.

PROFESSOR SORLEY of Cambridge has recently given us his Gifford Lectures, delivered at Aberdeen, 1914-1915, under the title *Moral Values and the Idea of God* (Cambridge University Press). The volume is rich in exhilarating philosophic questions, put as a rule with no lack of definiteness. The answers are not always quite so definite, owing, partly to an earnest dislike of crisp, geometric statement by our English philosophers, and partly also to the very nature of an intensely difficult subject matter. Kant asserted the primacy of the practical reason, or, in less German speech, the supreme and overriding claim of ethical ideas in constructive philosophy. Professor Sorley sets out to investigate the validity of the dictum and procedure. Thus he asks a series of questions: What is the justification of using ethical ideas or other ideas of value in philosophy? In what way, if at all, can they be used legitimately? And what effect have they upon our final view of the world?

Moral Values

After stating his problem, and condemning the short cut of the rationalists, the author discusses "values," their different kinds, their differentiation, their inclusiveness. Then, plunging, he asks the meaning of value. Whence does "value" come? We judge constantly. This is good; that is evil. This is desirable; that is to be avoided. Where is the standard of these judgments to be sought if they are not mere caprice or impulsive feeling? Thoughtfully and quietly laying aside the doctrine of those who find the *fons et origo* of these values, either in pleasure or desire, the Professor claims an objective value for these ethical judgments. He will not attach himself to the social or tribal theory of conduct, nor can he be delayed long by a mere catchword like "convention."

Morality [says the Professor] *begins* with judgments about good and evil, right and wrong, and not simply with emotions—retributive, parental, sympathetic or what not. Always there are moral judgments as well as moral emotions wherever men are found. What lies behind or before their judgments is matter of speculative, though perfectly legitimate, hypothesis only. The moral judgment is in this respect on the same level as the positive judgment of experience.

While we are in complete agreement with the Professor's conclusion and with many of his reflections—he submits reflections rather than proofs—we find this last sentence a strangely rapid inference. Let us admit that the origin of moral judgments is wrapped in hypothetical twilight. They exist and are often reiterated in consciousness. In fact they present themselves just as do other judgments about matters of experience or statements of fact. Why not equally "objective" therefore? We do not say that they are not equally objective, but proof is difficult. When statements of fact are scrutinized carefully in the theory of knowledge, it is not all too easy to justify their claim to validity. It is more difficult still when we deal with moral judgments of what "ought to be." They may resound through our

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lives, and loom as great momentous directions. Yes! but are they valid? And why? Where find a norm, or a criterion?

These, we submit, are urgent questions concerning which the learned author is not satisfying. Would that we could forget the very existence of Hegel's works and all the luminous haze of German philosophers together, with their jargon, to settle down to these vital questions in our own practical English way!

When Professor Sorley discusses the existence of God, we wish that he had forgotten Kant's criticism of the old standard proofs. That criticism, although not lacking occasional penetration, is not of permanent value. Indeed the old arguments, as understood at least by Thomas Aquinas and many another pioneer, were often mis-stated by Kant, whose influence is plainly discernible in Dr. Sorley's work. He can, for instance, find little value in the great argument that leads to a First Cause. We seem to hear other words ringing in our ears: *Prima et manifestior via sumitur ex parte motus*. With morality, purpose, ethics, system and order ever in mind, the author clings to the teleological conception of God as a Final Cause. He even finds a teleological significance in the old cosmological argument, and thereby leaves us bewildered. His treatment of "purpose," we hasten to add, is in many ways excellent, and refreshing. The volume, in fine, is very readable, the product of a genial, definite, but undogmatic mind. Many of the chapters will be found of distinct value to those who wish to know the actual difficulties which beset the modern ethicist.

J. G. V.

SEVENTEEN years ago, in what he calls the plethoric, Scongested, dyspeptic Edwardian days, Dean Inge took up the study of Plotinus the Neoplatonist—the greatest classical exponent of mystical philosophy. The Gifford Lectures of 1917-18 gave the sum of these studies to the University of St. Andrews, and *The Philo-*

Plotinus

sophy of Plotinus, by William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D. (Longmans) is now published in two volumes. The greater part of these was written, with no immediate eye to the needs of the day, before the war. Dean Inge came to Plotinus as a disciple, though not an uncritical one; and accepts him as, on the whole, a sound and satisfying spiritual director. He now weighs Neoplatonism as a living philosophy with a value for the Twentieth Century, which indeed he compares to the Third Century, in which Plotinus flourished: "We have mortgaged our economic future beyond the possibility of redemption; fraudulent bankruptcy is no remedy where the social organism rests on credit; the conditions which made recovery possible after 1815—cheap labour, thrifty administration and freedom from foreign competition—are conspicuously absent." Still, "as individuals we are not debarred from the highest life."

The Third Century, with which Dean Inge confronts us, witnessed in the Roman Empire the extremity of that fusion of races and of gods which the First had begun. Even then there had been almost as many gods as human beings. Now there were not enough worshippers to go round. What was worse, it was the Greek and Roman population that dwindled. The oriental and barbarian thrived. Jews multiplied in spite of pogroms. "Germans penetrated everywhere and were not kept down by massacre." Roman austerity vanished. Beef and beer took the place of vegetables and wine. The flat level of republican virtue became the summit of imperial asceticism. A brutalized criminal code resorted lavishly to torture and fire. Through a welter of invasion, revolution and civil war the great landowners stood out for their fortunes and estates, the rabble for their free meals and amusements. An opportunist administration staved off immediate ruin by improvident taxes. These could only aim at the comparatively decent and industrious middle-classes, the *curiales* whose laborious earnings were dissipated in army pay, departmental perquisites and sops to the man in the street. These *curiales*, the

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intelligenza of the day—for the senatorial class was too effete for active culture—realized, even under Commodus, that Rome's own conquests had been her death. St. Cyprian said that the world was worn out, *Senuisse jam mundum*. In such a society, fine spirits could be touched to no fine issues. All philosophers, from the rising Academicians to the waning Stoics and Epicureans, withdrew from public office. It was an age of hermits. Virtue let go the reins of the world, and the world took the bit between its teeth and flung off its load of culture and morals. Latin letters were no more. The easy-going annals of Suetonius and the finical epitomes of Aulus Gellius ended the classical tale. The romantic began, characteristically, in Africa, with the Neoplatonist novelist Apuleius. Vice, translated by superstition and edited by magic and astrology, was all the study of the vulgar. The elect, however, read the heavens otherwise.

Religion was the mainspring of all serious thought in the Third Century—an age parched for a spiritual renaissance. That sombre world was placarded with speculative excursions to the world beyond. It had—what is said to be the best thing Glasgow has to offer—unrivalled facilities for getting away. Dr. Johnson's Scotchman saw nothing more promising in Scotland than the road which led to England. Certainly the Third Century saw nothing auspicious on earth but the highway to heaven. Plotinus the Egyptian in his quiet Roman lecture-room, working out anew the system he professed to have derived from Plato, wanted nothing short of a more ideal worship of God. "The philosophy of Plotinus," says Dean Inge, "is a truly religious philosophy throughout . . . there is no separation between the speculative and ethical sides of his system." Along with the religious philosophy of the Neoplatonists, the philosophical religion of the Catholic Church claimed to satisfy a world athirst for both elements. The rivals had, humanly speaking, a source in common. Neoplatonism was the final flowering and last synthesis of

Plotinus

ancient philosophy. "Catholicism," says Dean Inge with Troeltsch, "is the last creative achievement of classical culture." Each stream had a higher source than that common Greek watershed. Eastern mysticism and ecstasy quickened the current of Neoplatonism. Divine Revelation brimmed the Hebrew and Hellenic channels of the Catholic Faith. There were other contrasts. Neoplatonism was aristocratic; it had no use for "vulgar and earthly persons." Catholicism preached the Communion of the Saints. Neoplatonic revelation was either part of the natural order of things or the vague term of individual ecstasy. Catholic revelation was the historical fact of fixed time and place. Neo-platonic teaching was an assemblage of speculations. Catholic doctrine was already defined. Both streams made for the same infinite sea; "Union with the First Principle" stood for "The Possession of God"; but Neoplatonism proposed to raise man to supra-sensible divinity, Catholicism preached that the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us. Such, roughly, were the programmes of the two chief candidates for the spiritual suffrages of the Third Century. Would-be consuls in republican days had stood in the Forum and shown, one against the other, gashes received in the repulse of the Tarquins for the salvation of the city. In this last canvassing of the ancient world, Neoplatonism had no scars to show; and the Wounds of Divine condescension won the day. The finest spoil of that victory of compassion was the soul of St. Augustine.

St. Augustine was a Manichee who joined the Platonists about a century after the death of Plotinus; "by the Platonists," says Dean Inge, "he meant Plotinus and his school . . . he became a Christian because he found something in Christianity which he did not find in Plotinus." What he did find in the six *Enneads* of Plotinus (which he read in Latin translations with the works of Plotinus' spiritual son, Porphyry) was, allowing for Dean Inge's avowed innovations of stress and proportion, something of this sort. A theocentric system—

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Greek thought having been first cosmocentric, then anthropocentric, and this being the third phase—founded on two groups of three Principles. There were three Divine Principles—Absolute, Soul, and Spirit; and three Human Principles—Spirit, Soul, and Body. This sort of classification, Pythagorean in origin, made no claim to be rigorous or exclusive. Soul was distinguished from Spirit, for example, mainly by the presence of desire in the Soul and its lack in the Spirit. Only the spiritual world was real. The individual soul was not created, but was a kind of overflowing of Divine Life; it neither came into existence nor perished. This, by the way, is the theory of emanation condemned by the Vatican Council (Sec. III, Canon 4). Dean Inge does not urge this doctrine, but admits that Plotinus was obviously at sea at finding no clear guidance in Plato. This Soul then, the indestructible principle of life, either reverts to the Divine on the death of the body or is reincarnated, if it has lived amiss, in a baser body and scourged by its *dæmon* or guardian angel. Concerning the spiritual world, Plotinus teaches that Reality consists in a Trinity in Unity (*νοῦς, νόησις, νοητά*), in which the whole Divine Nature is explicit. But this God is rather a state than a person. "The God," says Dean Inge, "whom Plotinus mainly worships—the Spirit—is transcendent as well as immanent in the world of Soul, but purely immanent in his own world, Yonder. In that world He is no longer an object but an atmosphere." And again: "We do not feel quite clear what is the *object* which excites the ardour of the Soul or Spirit in Plotinus. There is an intense desire to see and realize perfection; to be quit of all the contrarieties and contradictions of earthly life; to return to the haven where the pangs of home-sickness are no more. These are the chief objects of his desire; and for him and for many they are enough. They were enough for Spinoza, and for Goethe."

They were not enough for St. Augustine. He learnt much of Plotinus in the three capacities which according

Plotinus

to that thinker are most receptive of divine ideas—as a philosopher, as a friend of the Muses and as a lover (φιλόσοφος, μουσικός, ἐρωτικός). From Plotinus he acquired that accurate notion of the simple nature of God and the negative nature of evil which led him to leave the Manichees. But he needed more. Dean Inge says that the religious philosophy of the great convert was “the Platonism of Plotinus with the doctrine of the Incarnation added to it.” He quotes a renowned passage of the *Confessions* (VII, 9), up to this point. But what follows in the autobiography? Exactly what precedes and follows all acquisition—renunciation. Renunciation—not of the Neoplatonic errors, which St. Augustine had seen all along but never swallowed (the word is his own, *inveni haec ibi et non manducavi*)—but of that independent intellectual life so dear to Plotinus and his followers. “The meek He directeth in judgment . . . but such as tower high in the buskin of a sublimer learning (*cothurno tamquam doctrinae sublimioris elati*) hear Him not.”

The dowry St. Augustine brought to the Church was all the good there was in Neoplatonism; “the gold of which Thou wouldst Thy people should despoil the Egyptians, seeing it is Thine wherever it is.” Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria and Origen had already paid their Christian way in classic coin; but now “the Church carried off so much of the honey into its own hive,” says Dean Inge, “that Porphyry himself would have been half satisfied with the event. After Porphyry,” he goes on, “there was more sound philosophy in the Church than in the pagan schools. Unhappily the time came when priestly tyranny destroyed the philosophy of religion, or drove it, under the reign of scholasticism, into bondage as the *ancilla fidei*.” This is a large indictment; and it may be hazarded that the Church which sees in the *ancilla Domini* the co-redemptress of man is quite capable of seeing in the *ancilla fidei* the co-redemptress of his intelligence. Again “the essence of Neoplatonic mysticism is the belief that

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the soul . . . must break in succession every form in which it tends to crystallize. This is where it differs most from Catholicism, as generally taught. Catholicism promises peace as the immediate result of submission and obedience, and even Catholics of Newman's calibre have recorded that their spiritual journeys were 'of course' over, and their mental histories at an end when they came to rest in the Catholic fold." There seems to be no distinction in the critic's mind between the site and the architecture of the spiritual life. Surely the stability and security, so craved and stressed alike by Augustine and Newman, depend on the permanence of the foundation, not on the stunting of the edifice? Dean Inge, one almost feels, would build the *civitas Dei* on a landslide for the sake of progress.

Yet, when all is said, what a generous and inspiring piece of scholarship the book is; with its odd misprints—three, at least, in the last chapter—and the pusillanimous index which does not attempt to keep pace with the author's erudition. There is, besides, a vital reason why every educated Catholic concerned for the conversion of England should encounter such books as these. England outside the Church is a nation whose intellectual chiefs speak another tongue from that of the tribe; and the apostle who will not trouble to learn the royal language is likely to spend his days teaching catechism to the clan. The royal language is humanism; that lore of human culture which has advanced so little since Cicero that it is still mainly concerned with the ideals of Greece and Rome. These ideals are a common inheritance; and in many ways, chiefly æsthetic, we might make far more use of them than we do. It is disheartening to note in the *New Oxford Dictionary*, where Blessed Thomas More figures as the typical humanist, that the only scornful use of the word, "a set of heathen-minded humanists," comes from a writer in *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* in 1895!

H. P. E.

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